

FIFTY CENTS

APRIL 30, 1973

WATERGATE
BREAKS WIDE OPEN

TIME



ISRAEL AT 25

Last year, the sprinklers at 587 State Street passed inspection with flying colors.



This year, there is no 587 State Street.

The night of July 19th, after a routine servicing of the sprinkler system, someone forgot to re-open the main shutoff valve. So when fire broke out, the sprinklers didn't sprinkle — they simply buckled in the intense heat.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

EVERYONE wishes that Watergate had never happened—the press very much included. Yet, without smugness, it must be said that most of the dramatic and disturbing revelations of the Watergate affair would never have occurred without energetic digging by the press. Some of the more important disclosures, in fact, were made by TIME as a result of diligent reporting by correspondents in our 21-man Washington bureau. Correspondent David Beckwith, while covering the trial of the Watergate Seven, landed the only interview granted by confessed Wiretapper E. Howard Hunt. TIME was first to reveal Hunt's promise to his fellow defendants that unidentified "friends" would pay up to \$1,000 a month for their silence while they were in prison, that Jeb Stuart Magruder of C.R.P. (the Committee for the Re-Election of the President) had been dispensing money from a secret campaign fund, and that the money had been rerouted

WALTER BENNETT

through a Mexican lawyer. TIME was first to reveal that the bugging devices planted at the Watergate were monitored from a motel across the street by agents of the C.R.P.

Last October we disclosed that the Justice Department had information indicating that Donald Segretti had been hired by two members of the White House staff to subvert the Democratic election campaign. In March, 1973, a story in TIME revealed that Presidential Counsel Charles Colson was listed in White House records as Hunt's supervisor, and that Hunt's pay vouchers for the "caper" had been signed in Colson's office.

As the scandal broke open late last week, a large part of our Washington bureau was mobilized to track down information for this week's cover story. Dean Fischer filed on the tense mood in the White House; Hays Gorey covered the Justice Department; and Senate Correspondent Stanley Cloud reported on the Watergate Committee's continuing investigation of the scandal. Bureau Chief Hugh Smithey, meanwhile, returned to his home town of Greenfield, Iowa, to gauge the mood of some average citizens toward the Watergate affair and its implications.

The Washington files were Teletyped to New York, where Associate Editor Ed Magnuson wrote the cover story. In the past five weeks he has written our cover story on Senator Sam Ervin, who is directing an investigation of the affair, and our cover on L. Patrick Gray's contested nomination as FBI director—two stories spawned by the Watergate disclosures.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Covers: Cartoon in watercolor and ink by Jack Davis. Center: Richard Nixon. Clockwise from upper left: James McCord Jr., Jeb Stuart Magruder, H.R. Haldeman, John W. Dean III, John Mitchell, Maurice Stans.

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This may be one answer to America's energy crisis.



It's called resource recovery, or saving what is worth saving from your trash and garbage.

There are hundreds of reclamation centers throughout the United States, in areas where there are enough all-aluminum cans in circulation to make them feasible. Also, where solid waste recovery plants are either operating or being planned, the recovery of aluminum is expected to pay much of the cost. Used all-aluminum cans are worth as much as \$200 a ton.

So resource recovery is possible. And the high scrap value of aluminum

makes it practical. And the tremendous savings in energy make it even more practical. Alcoa has the technology to recycle used all-aluminum cans with just 5% of the energy it takes to make them the first time.

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for all the used aluminum cans they can collect. We'll pay it because aluminum is a very practical packaging material to recycle.

Alcoa is doing something to help stop the energy drain. We would like to tell you more about it.

Write for our free brochure on energy and aluminum. We'll also send you a list of America's aluminum can reclamation centers and information as to how one community established its center. Aluminum Company of America, 818-D Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219.

**Aluminum:
Pass it on**

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LETTERS

The Right To Meat

Sir / I suppose the next thing we will hear from the housewife is that every American has a right to meat [April 9]. I would like to invite some of those housewives to our farm this fall to help feed the cows. Five percent of the population feeds the rest. What is going to happen if that 5% goes on strike?

EVELYN HARDY
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sir / The U.S. needs to become accustomed to perpetually higher meat prices. With America's growing urbanization and increasing pressure on the land, there is no way that we can continue to allocate the ten acres of range land necessary for each head of cattle.

BYRON LUND
Magna, Utah

Sir / As an American living abroad, I am aghast when I return home to see the amount of food thrown away each week by average middle-class families in the U.S. And if less were spent on so-called junk foods (soft drinks, sweets and snacks) it seems to me that Americans could be eating steak for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Meat prices are too high, but Americans are spoiled and the rest of the world is unsympathetic.

JOANNE ARDO
Mexico City

Sir / You should be aware that if you go to a good restaurant, have a steak dinner and leave an average tip, the tip is larger than the amount the farmer received for producing the meat you just ate.

TOM MAGILL
Lewis, Iowa

The P.O.W.s' Choice

Sir / Instead of courageously choosing prison or exile when asked to fight an unjust war, the tortured P.O.W.s [April 9] chose to bomb civilian populations. Yes, they paid for it, but not nearly as harshly as their victims did. Let's not make heroes where there are none.

MAUREN F. CROCKETT
Saint Albans, W. Va.

Sir / After reading about the torture of the P.O.W.s, all I can say is: God have mercy on President Nixon if he sends one dime to rebuild North Viet Nam.

CHARLES E. DAVIS
Satsuma, Ala.

Sir / It is bitter medicine to look at returning P.O.W.s as accomplices of an illegal and possibly immoral war, but I imagine the Germans felt the same confusion in the late 1940s, when their returning P.O.W.s, like ours, came home in personal victory but national defeat.

DANIEL LOUIS
Cincinnati

Have-Nots and the White House

Sir / TIME describes the aura of greed in present-day Washington [April 2] but fails to explain the cause. The men at the top are essentially have-nots, parvenus using the White House to further their personal ambitions.

That is why it is preferable to have aristocrats in high office. Men "to the purple

born" have wealth and class before they make their first campaign speech and do not need a high office to acquire either.

(MRS.) URSULA KUGELMAN
New York City

From a Warning to a Rescue

Sir / The sentencing process is not totally arbitrary as TIME suggests [April 9]. It is aided by sentencing institutes, trial judges' colleges, probation and sentencing reports, conferences, seminars, discussions with colleagues and, most important, by hard, practical experience in the real world.

A sentence is a combination of things. It is a warning, a safety measure, a punishment, a specific for aberrant behavior, and often a rescue effort. An effective sentence must come from an alert and educated conscience. Sentencing is not a process susceptible to committee action or digital computation, as you seem to suggest.

RON SWEARINGER
Judge of the Municipal Court
Alhambra, Calif.

Opening the Lid

Sir / Phew! I can breathe again. The "first thoughts" about man, from the God-is-dead theology to the seemingly inevitable Skinnerian manipulation of man, have almost left us in a box with no hope of escape. Perhaps your "Second Thoughts" will open the lid so that some of us can sneak away from the suffocating consensus of modern man. Our only alternative is to continue our obstinate trek toward the utopia of despair and apathy because of shortsighted rationalism.

MICHAEL ARNDT
Angels Camp, Calif.

Sir / The suggestion that the determinists' clammy fingers are being pried loose from a 50-year stranglehold on America's intellectual life is stimulating to contemplate. We may see the day when the dynamic concept that a person must consider himself primarily responsible for his own development will once again become acceptable.

CY POLAND
Reno

Sir / God is the keystone to an understanding of the universe and man. Take him out, and the structure falls into a heap of meaningless pieces. The universe becomes a chance arrangement of atoms, and man becomes an accident, a beast, or a machine.

But put the keystone back in, and the universe is seen as an orderly, fantastically complex system directed by infinite intelligence. Science and theology become parts of a unified field of knowledge, and human existence once again becomes meaningful.

BEATRICE SHORT NEALL
Singapore

Sir / Why are the behavioral scientists having second thoughts? Are they simply following an "implacable pattern ingrained in the human intellect," or are their thoughts more closely related to their changing environment than they care to admit?

ELEN WRIGHT
West Newton, Mass.

Seeking a Message

Sir / Thank you for the coverage of my hypothesis concerning the possibility of a space probe from the star Epsilon Boötis

[April 9]. It is not claimed that any scientific evidence exists for the presence of such a space probe, nor that my recent paper published by the British Interplanetary Society is a work of science.

Being aware of the distinction between evidence and subjective interpretation when I drew my first apparent-star map, I would hope to have kept it in mind throughout. As I pointed out in my paper, only a search for the hypothetical probe can settle the questions raised by my interpretation—and the interpretation has aroused such interest that a search is to be undertaken.

As a very minor point, it is believed that if the probe exists, it occupies one of the Lagrange or "moon equilateral" points in the orbit of our moon. It therefore would circle the earth ahead of the moon or behind it, but would not circle the moon itself, as indicated in your first paragraph.

D.A. LUNAN
Troon, Scotland

"Oil, Power, Violence"

Sir / I found your article on Libya's Colonel Gaddafi and the Arab world [April 2] intriguing and at the same time rather frightening.

I sincerely hope that we can develop other sources of energy before the Arab states make us an offer we cannot refuse.

JOHN McDONALD
Versailles, Ohio

Sir / I can just see it: "Put a camel in your tank."

THOMAS L. REESE
Albuquerque

Sir / It's a shame that Colonel Gaddafi, who has the qualities and quantities to become the supreme leader of the Arab world, is still living back in the 10th century.

He has to do a lot of running to

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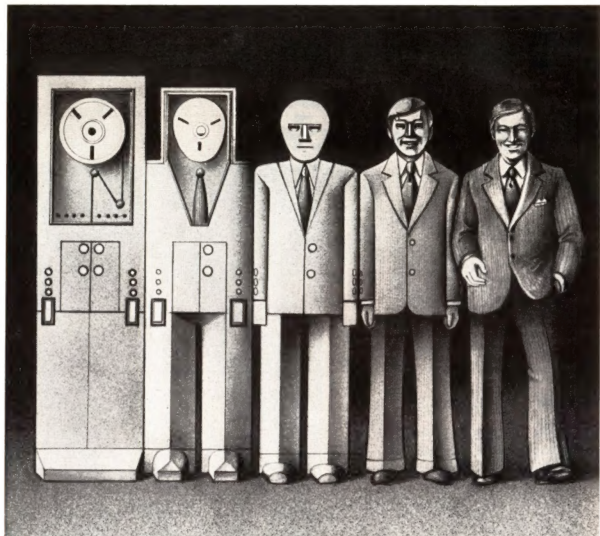
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We're trying to take the smoke out of smokestacks.

Because of America's phenomenal growth in industry and transportation in recent years, air pollution has become a problem — everybody's problem.

And everybody is trying to help solve it — including all of us in the electric light and power companies. So wherever feasible, we're trying to turn smokestacks into non-smokers. It's not easy — in large part because of what's happening to the world's supply of fuels.

Today about 23% of America's electric power is generated by natural gas. Natural gas produces few emissions when burned, but reserves are limited. It will necessarily play a smaller and smaller role in power generation.

Oil accounts for about 14% of electric power generation, and it is in similarly short supply.

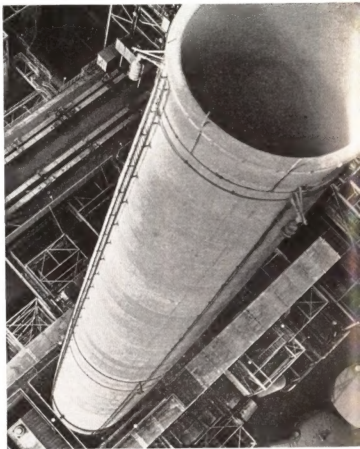
Coal generates about 44% of the nation's power. Coal will remain a major fuel in power generation for many decades. So we are trying to make coal — as well as other fuels — as clean-burning as possible in power plants where it is used.

We are installing filters and precipitators to remove solid particles from the emissions from our smokestacks. We are using fuels with a low sulfur content where feasible. We are testing and plan-

ning for the installation of sulfur dioxide removal devices as research and development make such equipment available and practical to use. We are building higher stacks which appreciably reduce ground-level concentrations of pollutants.

We and others are also attempting to convert solid coal into cleaner-burning liquid or gaseous forms.

The search and the work goes on. Meanwhile we must build in the best ways we know how today — find even better ways to generate electricity tomorrow.



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LETTERS

catch up with his archenemy, Israel, which is already thinking in terms of the 21st century.

AKRAM WATAJANI
São Paulo, Brazil

Sir / One can almost sympathize with Gadafi in his nationalistic fervor and his so far unobtainable goals, but never, of course with his support of the terrorists and his fanatical zeal for a holy war.

MARY MUELLER
Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

No Resemblance

Sir / TIME has always been a wonderful recorder of current events for me.



That your domestic and foreign sales are great I have no doubt, as calls and mail from friends all over are swamping me, pointing out the caption error that you made in your picture spread on Haiti (Jan. 29). I will admit that our custodian's picture was excellent, but really bears no re-

semblance to me, as you can see from my photograph.

JULIUS TOMAR
Tomar Industries of Haiti S.A.
Port-au-Prince, Haiti

Thievery Pure and Simple

Sir / Your pious disapproval of the actions of ITT [April 2] in its attempt to overthrow the election of Chile's Allende leaves this writer unimpressed. The expropriation of ITT property without adequate compensation is thievery pure and simple, no different in spirit and effect than the act of a larcenist, embezzler or any other thief.

MAURICE SOPHER
Baltimore

Sir / Happiness is Allende making it again in spite of U.S. efforts.

T. J. SHIFFRIN
Guadalajara, Mexico

A Little Bit of Sugar

Sir / Regarding your offensive review of the Tom Sawyer movie [April 2]—what's wrong with a little bit of sugar, whipped cream and good ol' Americana?

TERESA J. ANDERSON
Columbia, Mo.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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What do you do about a technical problem that didn't turn out exactly right?

Answer:

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Help Wanted

Contrary to popular myth, bureaucracies do not run on momentum alone. They need people. Yet the Nixon Administration has been operating for months with one-fourth of its sub-Cabinet posts either empty or filled with stand-in appointees. At a recent celebration of the 20th anniversary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, eight of eleven high department offices were represented on the podium by acting officials. As they were introduced to the bureaucracy-wise audience of mainly H.E.W. workers, the ludicrousness of their transient titles touched off muffled titters that soon turned to roars of laughter. At present, offices such as the massive Social Security Administration (\$60 billion a year), the Food and Drug Administration, the National Institutes of Health, and the Health Services and Mental Health Administration are without permanent heads. The Department of Defense is almost as undermanned. It now lacks a second Deputy Secretary, and three Assistant Secretaries, including a comptroller. In addition, such a vital post as ambassador to the Soviet Union has been left vacant for more than three months.

With the Administration approaching the 100-day bench mark of its new term, the White House insists that it has been slow in filling vacant posts only because it is having trouble finding exceptionally talented people. But the suspicion persists that loyalty to the President—not talent—is what the White House is really looking for in its appointees. The staffing crisis is likely to grow worse in the wake of the new Watergate disclosures, which should leave quite a few job openings on the White House staff. This term, perhaps, the emphasis should be less on fealty to President and party and more on good and honest government.

Gators in Louisiana

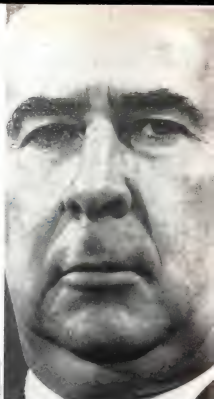
One man's endangered species is another man's backyard pest. That modern-age anomaly is the crux of a dispute between the National Audubon Society and Louisiana's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. Arguing that a surplus of alligators was eating up such income-producing wildlife as muskrats and waterfowl, Louisiana reopened the

swamplands in Cameron Parish to hunters last fall after an eight-year ban. In 13 days, 1,347 alligator hides were turned over to state authorities to be auctioned off to private businessmen. The Audubon Society, which long ago branched out from birds to the protection of all animals, promptly declared open season on Louisiana. Having praised the state in the past for its enlightened protection of gators, the society charged that even a short hunting season undermined public confidence in the federal endangered-species program.

Louisiana officials know that there is more than one way to skin a gator. Still determined to thin out the swamp population, they recently "offered" more than 2,000 of the reptiles to the Audubon Society. The organization's leaders bravely accepted the gift, and plan to truck the alligators to refuges in other Southern states. In the bargain, Audubon officials also got some free advice from William Summerville, general curator of the Staten Island Zoo in New York City: "Keep their backs sprayed while they're in the truck so they don't dry out. Make sure they're all the same size so they don't eat each other, and keep them out of the sun." Oh yes, and don't look a gift gator in the mouth.

A Priority for Grass

As thermometers hit unseasonable highs throughout much of the East and Midwest last week, Americans turned their attention to grass—seeds, weed-killers, fertilizers, mowers, sprinklers and all those things that are supposed to turn lawns and neighbors green. But in Berkeley, Calif., home of the Free Speech movement and other radical causes, citizens were busy greening a different kind of grass. By the overwhelming vote of 28,116 to 18,032, the young, liberal voters of that campus town passed the Berkeley Marijuana Initiative, ordering police to give marijuana laws "their lowest priority" and requiring authorization of the Berkeley city council for every "arrest for possession, use or cultivation" of the weed. Appalled police officials quickly pointed out that the initiative conflicts with California state laws and threatened that if the council did not give them a free hand in enforcing those laws, they might have to call in state authorities. But Berkeley citizens evidently felt that the police these days have more pressing tasks to perform than busting marijuana users.



FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL JOHN MITCHELL



Ripping Open an Incredible Scandal

THE denials, the evasions, the secretiveness and, yes, the lies—all had failed. The Watergate case was breaking wide open. A ten-month campaign by some of the highest past and present officials of the Nixon Administration to cover up their involvement was crumbling. Stripped of its protective shrouds, the scandal was rapidly emerging as probably the most pervasive instance of top-level misconduct in the nation's history.

Incredibly, a former Attorney General was cited repeatedly by White House and Justice Department sources as almost certain to be indicted by a federal grand jury. So, too, was Nixon's chief legal counsel, as well as the second-ranking official in his successful reelection campaign and several former White House aides. A second former Cabinet member and campaign fund raiser seemed only a shade less likely to be indicted. There was a very real possibility that some of these and other officials might be convicted of crimes and sent to jail. For several, at least, the charges may well include conspiracy to wiretap, perjury, obstructing justice and financial misconduct.

The nation's capital was thrown into an apprehensive mood of intrigue and suspense. The suspect officials hired attorneys to defend them, held furtive conferences with federal prosecutors and shuttled in and out of a Washington grand jury room, dodging newsmen. In the White House, handsome young presidential aides, selected for their team loyalty and their vaunted proficiency in public relations, turned bitterly on each other, contacting newsmen in order to leak their suspicions about their colleagues. No one could be certain that his office neighbor might not be in the headlines next morning.

At the epicenter stood a somber and shaken Richard Nixon, facing one of his gravest crises. Forced by events to concede that his earlier blanket denials of White House involvement had been wrong, he finally dropped the pretense of being untouched by it all. Either he had been inexcusably remiss in not pressing an earlier, deeper investigation of the matter, or he had been amazingly naive in trusting his aides' protestations of innocence—despite repeated evidence in news reports to the contrary—or he had been a willing party to their deception. Either way, he could not escape heavy responsibility. Despite his plans for returning "power to the people," a major thrust of his Administration has been to centralize the vast responsibilities of the Executive Branch to an unprecedented degree into the hands of a relatively small circle of these overly trusted White House aides.

The spreading scandal created for

the nation a crisis of confidence in its Government. An overwhelming majority of Americans re-elected Nixon in large part because he spoke so often of the need to regain respect for law, sternly administered and applied with equal severity to all. He assailed soft judges and Supreme Court decisions that enable criminals to go free on technicalities. Now his closest official associates are suspected of not only violating federal laws but also trying to subvert the judicial system to conceal their wrongdoing. One high Administration official was moved to an exaggerated lament: "I don't know why any citizen should ever again believe anything a Government official says."

The overall pattern of collusion and cover-up is ugly. The burglary and wiretapping of Democratic National Committee Headquarters in Washington's Watergate complex last June was a serious crime in itself. But now it has been revealed as clearly part of a far broader campaign of political espionage designed to give Nixon an unfair, illegal—and unnecessary—advantage in his re-election drive. It was financed with secret campaign funds, contributed in cash by anonymous donors and never fully accounted for, in violation of the law. Then, after the arrests of seven men in the Watergate break-in, the same funds were used to persuade most of them to plead guilty and keep quiet about any higher involvement.

Hush. Initially the Justice Department and the FBI were influenced by either White House officials or their own leaders, who had an extravagant sense of political loyalty to the President, to limit their investigations. They avoided any definitive findings on who had ordered the espionage, who had approved it, who had paid for it and who had conveyed or known about the hush money. That extraordinary attempt at concealment might have succeeded. But persistent newsmen kept probing on their own, asking questions and printing partial answers from lower-level Government officials who were indignant at the evasion above them.

A courageous Washington federal judge, John J. Sirica, applied intense pressure on the wiretappers after their conviction in January, urging them to break their silence. A determined federal grand jury in Washington, which had handled the original Watergate indictments last summer, then got firmer leadership from aroused prosecuting attorneys. And a select Senate committee headed by North Carolina's Sam J. Ervin Jr. moved rapidly to explore the whole sordid Watergate scandal in televised public hearings.

As the pressure built up, Nixon's adamant refusal to let any of his aides tes-

tify before Ervin's committee became untenable. Hardly a legal scholar could be found to support this unheard-of claim of unqualified Executive privilege. Republican Senators began protesting just as vigorously as Nixon's Democratic critics. The President's brief and bland denials of White House involvement no longer satisfied anyone.

Finally, last week, Nixon spoke up. He called a White House press conference, grimly read a prepared statement that took just three minutes, and refused to answer questions. While top politicians in both parties expressed relief that the President finally seemed aware of the ramifications of Watergate, Nixon



PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON

THE NATION

on's statement reflected only the minimum that needed to be said—and it should have been expressed months ago.

Looking tense and haggard, Nixon announced that all members of his staff will, after all, appear voluntarily before Ervin's committee if they are asked to do so. They will testify under oath and in public, "and they will answer fully all proper questions." He said they will, however, retain the right to refuse to answer any question that infringes on Nixon's concept of Executive privilege.

*Ervin said that his committee's hearing guidelines, accepted by White House officials, reserve to his committee the power to decide by majority vote whether the refusal of a witness to answer a specific question is proper. If the committee decides it is not, Ervin said, he will seek to have the witness arrested for contempt unless he answers.

The complete reversal by Nixon amounted to almost total capitulation to Ervin's insistence that no presidential aide is entitled to blanket immunity from congressional inquiry into wrongdoing. But the matter could become academic, at least for a while. Ervin conceded that if key witnesses are indicted by the grand jury, he will respect their claim that testifying before his committee could prejudice their criminal cases. He may well delay his hearings until after his committee is certain that the judicial process has cleared up all of the questions about who was responsible for Watergate and its cover-up.

Nixon also declared in his statement that he would immediately suspend any member of the Executive Branch of

Government who is indicted, and would fire anyone who is convicted. Any action short of that, of course, would be outrageous. He said that no past or present member of his Administration should be granted any immunity from prosecution. That, too, was no great concession, and could even be regarded as protective of high officials. Immunity is a device normally used by courts only to help convict important figures in a crime by getting minor participants to turn state's evidence on the promise that they will not be prosecuted.

As his reason for speaking out now, Nixon said that "serious charges" had come to his attention on March 21 and that he then began "intensive new inquiries into this whole matter." This in-

Who's Who in the Watergate Mess

SMOOTH, well-connected, brainy, successful in all that they had done, they reached enviable positions of power in American political life. By dint of hard work, some luck and fierce loyalty to Richard Nixon, they had earned the President's trust. Yet last week they were a forlorn group, implicated in willfully or naively subverting the political process. The men involved in the Watergate scandal include several who are household names and others who may soon yearn for the obscurity that they once had. Among them:

JOHN MITCHELL, 59, former director of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President (C.R.P.) and a onetime law partner of Richard Nixon's in the Manhattan firm of Nixon Mudge Rose Guthrie and Mitchell. A dour, pipe-puffing municipal-bond lawyer, Mitchell was also Nixon's closest political confidant. As Attorney General from 1969 until early 1972, he was the exemplar of the tough law-and-order man, who claimed the authority to tap the telephone of anyone whom he considered a security risk.

Mitchell left the Justice Department in March 1972, to direct Nixon's reelection campaign. His tenure at C.R.P. was brief. In a well-publicized yet ultimately unconvincing marital spat shortly after the Watergate break-in, Mitchell's loquacious wife Martha threatened to leave him unless he got out of what she called the "dirty" business of politics. Mitchell left C.R.P. but remained close to the President.

JEFF STUART MAGRUDER, 38, formerly deputy campaign director of C.R.P. A Californian who looks as if he could pose for old Arrow-shirt ads, Magruder was president of a small cosmetics firm before he entered politics. He was coordinator of Nixon's 1968 campaign in Los Angeles, went to Washington in 1969 as a special assistant to the President. He was a favorite of White House Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman.

Magruder joined C.R.P. early last year and hoped for a political career, aiming to run for Secretary of State of California next year or Governor or U.S. Senator in 1978. But he was forced to abandon his plans after his involvement in political espionage came out during the Watergate trial. His heart was set on a high Administration post after the election, but Haldeman told him that he would not be in line for a top position (which would require Senate confirmation) because he was too tainted by Watergate. Disappointed, he

FUND RAISER MAURICE STANS



settled for a specially created but vague job as director of planning and evaluation at the Commerce Department.

JOHN WESLEY DEAN II, 34, counsel to the President and the man who conducted the investigation of the Watergate case that cleared all White House staffers. A lawyer who has hardly practiced privately, clean-cut Dean worked as minority counsel to the House Judiciary Committee. He gained such a reputation as a Nixon loyalist that in 1969 he was hired by the Justice Department as

its legislative liaison man. Highly recommended by almost every Administration official with whom he came into contact, Dean caught the eye of image-oriented people at the White House, and in 1970 moved over there to succeed John Ehrlichman as counsel. He has outlined the legal basis for Nixon's decisions to impound funds voted by Congress and to expand the doctrine of executive privilege.

WHITE HOUSE STAFF CHIEF H.R. HALDEMAN



vestigation and the renewed efforts of the Department of Justice, he said, had lately shown that "there have been major developments in the case concerning which it would be improper to be more specific now, except to say that real progress has been made in finding the truth."

Besieged by newsmen to explain the President's statement, White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said that March 21 was about the time that convicted Wiretapper James McCord wrote a celebrated letter to Judge Sirica. In it, McCord charged that unnamed officials had brought pressure on the arrested burglars to plead guilty, and that persons not yet indicted had been involved in the conspiracy. But Ziegler could not

detail what kind of new investigation Nixon had made on his own. Justice Department sources also said that they were unaware of any new presidential inquiry. As late as March 26, in fact, Nixon had repeated, through Ziegler, his "absolute and total confidence" in White House Counsel John W. Dean III, who had conducted an earlier White House investigation.

The belief was widespread in Washington that what Nixon's "investigation" amounted to was merely the discovery that some of his political associates were likely to be indicted. Indeed, he was told just that by Attorney General Richard Kleindienst and Henry Petersen, chief of the Justice Department's Criminal Division, in a long con-

ference on Sunday, April 15. Precisely whom they cited as most apt to be named by the grand jury was not revealed. But TIME has learned that five men are priority targets of the jury. They are:

John Mitchell, former Attorney General, who headed the Nixon re-election committee at the time of the Watergate arrests and quit just two weeks later.

John Dean, the chief White House counsel.

Jeff Stuart Magruder, Mitchell's deputy on the Nixon re-election committee and now a Commerce Department official.

Fred LaRue, another assistant to Mitchell on the campaign committee.

H.R. (for Harry Robbins) **HALDEMAN**, 46, White House chief of staff. A crew-cut Southern Californian who neither smokes nor drinks. "Bob" Haldeman was once a vice president of the J. Walter Thompson ad agency in Los Angeles. He is a longtime Nixon loyalist, who advised the former Vice President against running for Governor of California, then bravely managed his disastrous 1962 campaign. One of the most formidable members of Nixon's palace guard, Haldeman wields enormous power, passing along presidential orders and ideas to the rest of the staff. His humorlessness and determination to protect the President from outsiders have made him unpopular with Congress.

MAURICE STANS, 65, director of C.R.P.'s finance committee. A self-made millionaire accountant, Stans joined the Nixon Administration as Secretary of Commerce in 1969. By urging import quotas, easier pollution controls and less stringent consumer-protection standards, he accumulated a sheaf of political IOUs from businessmen. When he left Commerce last year, he began calling them in, advising businessmen to make large cash or stock contributions to the campaign. They could do that secretly, he noted, by making their gifts before a tough campaign-fund disclosure law took effect in April 1972. Stans' efforts got C.R.P. into trouble with the federal courts, which fined the commit-

tees were hesitant about bankrolling the Republican National Convention planned for their city. Kalmbach's firm got a letter from the Justice Department assuring them that their contributions would be tax deductible. By doing good for Nixon, Kalmbach has done well for himself. In 1968, he had only three other attorneys in his office and few major clients. Now he has 24 attorneys and a list of some 200 clients.

FRED LARUE, 44, special assistant to the C.R.P. director. Short and spectacled, LaRue is a Mississippi oil and real estate millionaire, who joined C.R.P. as a chief aide to Mitchell in 1972. Respected by Nixon intimates for his political savvy, secretiveness and loyalty, and valued for his connections to Southern Democrats, he was considered Mitchell's right-hand man at C.R.P. He is reported by sources close to the Watergate case to have helped destroy records linking C.R.P. with the hugging.

DWIGHT CHAPIN, 32, a former White House aide who, among other things, helped to coordinate the President's daily schedule. Chapin worked as assistant to Haldeman at the J. Walter Thompson office in Los Angeles. He joined the White House staff in 1969 and left after the public disclosure of his involvement with C.R.P.'s "dirty tricks department" but denies that he was forced to resign. He is now director of market planning for United Air Lines.

GORDON STRACHAN, 29, former staff aide to Haldeman. A member of the Southern California group—which includes Haldeman, Magruder, Chapin and Ziegler—Strachan (pronounced Strawn) worked for Nixon's Manhattan law firm, then followed the President and Mitchell to Washington in 1970. Known around the White House as "one of Haldeman's guys," he served as liaison between Haldeman's office and C.R.P. during 1972, and was in constant touch with Mitchell and Magruder. He left the White House last December and is now general counsel to the U.S. Information Agency.

C.R.P.'s MAGRUDER

LAWYER KALMBACH

C.R.P.'s LARUE



FRED LARUE, LOUISIANA



tee \$8,000 for violating the disclosure law by making campaign expenditures without accounting for them.

HERBERT KALMBACH, 51, the President's personal lawyer. He was in charge of disbursing large amounts of Republican Party secret funds for political intelligence work. Kalmbach, a Californian and a close friend of Haldeman's, handled the legal work and financial arrangements when Nixon bought his seaside home in San Clemente and has been an active Nixon fund raiser. When skittish San Diego busi-

DWIGHT CHAPIN & JOHN DEAN III

THE NATION

and a former White House aide Gordon Strachan, a former assistant to H.R. Haldeman, the White House chief of staff.

Indictments are somewhat less likely but nevertheless possible, according to congressional and White House sources, against Robert Reisner, who was Magruder's top assistant on the reelection committee; Dwight Chapin, a former White House aide; and Donald Segretti, a California lawyer who has admitted some attempts to disrupt the campaigns of Democratic presidential candidates. Since so much of the secret and unreported money used to finance the espionage came from a safe in the office of Maurice Stans, the former Commerce Secretary who headed the Nixon campaign's fund-raising efforts, he is also considered a possible grand jury target. One Senate investigator insists, however, that "Stans was a tool. He is not morally culpable."

As he has so often in the recent developments in the fast expanding scandal, Counsel Dean emerged as a key and mysterious figure. TIME has learned that it was Dean, surprisingly, who was most instrumental in getting the grand jury off what seemed like a dead-end course. Washington Correspondent Sandy Smith reconstructed the following chronology:

Charges. The big break came after Judge Sirica, on March 23, tentatively imposed heavy sentences on most of the seven convicted Watergate conspirators but offered to review the jail terms later, implying that the sentences might be reduced if the convicted men told everything that they knew about the break-in and bugging. On April 5, McCord, who alone had not yet been sentenced, began making sensational charges before the grand jury. He claimed that Mitchell, Dean and Magruder knew about the Watergate bugging plans in advance and had discussed them at a meeting in Mitchell's office in February 1972, when Mitchell was still Attorney General. Further, according to McCord, plans were approved then to bug the Washington headquarters of Democratic Candidate George McGovern and the Miami Beach hotel suites of top party officials during the Democratic National Convention.

McCord also contended that after the men were arrested inside the Watergate on June 17, they received regular payoffs to keep quiet. These amounted to at least \$1,000 per man each month and were, he said, delivered in cash by Mrs. E. Howard Hunt, wife of one of the arrested men. Hunt, a former White House consultant, later pleaded guilty to burglary and wiretapping. His wife was killed in a Chicago airplane crash on Dec. 8; she was carrying \$10,000 in cash at the time. McCord also contended that the payoff money was coming from the Nixon reelection committee.

Trouble was, nearly all of the McCord testimony was based on hearsay.

McCord had cited as his sources G. Gordon Liddy, another former White House aide convicted in the wiretapping, and Hunt. But Liddy was refusing to speak to the grand jury at all. Rather than talk, he accepted an additional sentence for contempt of court. Hunt did testify further before the jury, but apparently was not supporting McCord's charges about the Watergate planning and the payoffs—or did not have personal knowledge of them.

Thus the grand jury seemed frustrated in trying to confirm McCord's reports. But on April 6, for reasons that



PRESS SECRETARY RONALD ZIEGLER



ATTORNEY GENERAL RICHARD KLEINDIENST

are still not clear, Counsel Dean gave information to the Watergate prosecutors in the Justice Department that corroborated for the first time much of what McCord was claiming. His motive could have been connected with the fact that only two weeks earlier he had been publicly accused of "probably" lying to the FBI. The accusation had been made by L. Patrick Gray, acting FBI director, at his unsuccessful confirmation hearings.

The next break came on April 11, when Jeb Magruder's chief assistant, Robert Reisner, appeared before the grand jury. With knowledge of his boss's activities, he apparently backed most of McCord's testimony, including the claim that Magruder had attended a

It's Inoperative: They

THE Nixon Administration has developed a new language—a kind of Nix-speak. Government officials are entitled to make flat statements one day, and the next day reverse field with the simple phrase: "I misspoke myself." White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler enlarged the vocabulary last week, declaring that all of Nixon's previous statements on Watergate were "inoperative." Not incorrect, not misinformed, not untrue—simply inoperative, like batteries gone dead. Euphemisms notwithstanding, the Nixon Administration's verbal record on Watergate is enough to turn ardent believers into skeptics. Some examples of "inoperative" statements from Administration officials who misspoke themselves:

► On June 19, 1972, only two days after the break-in, Ziegler refused to comment on the incident and called it a "third-rate burglary attempt," adding, "This is something that should not fall into the political process."

► On Aug. 28, Attorney General Richard Kleindienst pledged that the Justice Department's investigation of the Watergate case would be "the most extensive, thorough and comprehensive investigation since the assassination of President Kennedy.... No credible, fair-minded person is going to be able to say that we whitewashed or dragged our feet on it." In fact, five months later only seven men had been brought to trial as a result of that investigation—the five directly involved in the break-in on June 17, plus a low-level White House consultant and a former White House staffer. Until recently, top officials in the Justice Department made little attempt to find out who had planned and approved the operation.

► On Aug. 29, President Nixon remarked of a Watergate investigation

February meeting with Mitchell about the bugging plans. But a greater revelation came three days later, on April 14, when Magruder went to Justice Department officials and told of the February meeting with Mitchell and Dean. This was the first confirmation by any participant in the meeting that the Watergate bugging had been discussed at this high level. Magruder said that Liddy displayed poster-sized operational charts of the wiretapping operation. But at that time, Magruder added, John Mitchell did not give clear approval to go ahead with the operation.

Magruder further revealed that there was another meeting a few weeks later with Mitchell in Key Biscayne, Fla., at which the wiretapping was discussed again. The meeting was attended, he said, by Liddy and Fred LaRue—and it was then, according to Magruder, that Mitchell did give his ap-

Misspoke Themselves

being conducted by his counsel, John W. Dean III: "I can say categorically that his investigation indicates that no one in the White House staff, no one in this Administration, presently employed, was involved in this very bizarre incident."

► On Oct. 16, Clark MacGregor, then chief of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, said: "Using innuendo, third-person hearsay, unsubstantiated charges, anonymous sources and huge scare headlines, the [Washington] *Post* has maliciously sought to give the appearance of a direct connection between the White House and the Watergate, a charge which the *Post* knows—and a half a dozen investigations have found—to be false."

► On Oct. 19, Jeb Stuart Magruder, former deputy director of C.R.P., told *TIME* Correspondent Hays Gorey: "Listen, when this is all over, you'll know that there were only seven people who knew about the Watergate, and they are the seven who were indicted by the grand jury."

► On March 24, 1973, Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott quoted Nixon as saying: "I have nothing to hide. The White House has nothing to hide. I repeat, we have nothing to hide, and you are authorized to make that statement in my name."

► On March 26, Ziegler "flatly" denied "any prior knowledge on the part of Mr. Dean regarding Watergate."

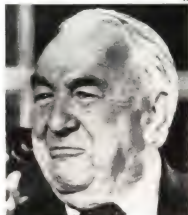
► On March 29, former Attorney General John Mitchell said: "I deeply resent the slanderous and false statements about me concerning the Watergate matter reported as being based on hearsay and leaked out. I have previously denied any prior knowledge of or involvement in the Watergate affair and again reaffirm such denials."

proval to proceed with the plans. LaRue, however, has denied that Mitchell did so. Magruder also told investigators that both Mitchell and Dean had approved the payments to the wiretappers to keep them quiet.

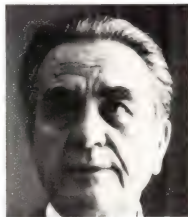
After these charges and revelations by Magruder, the three Justice Department attorneys prosecuting the case—Earl J. Silbert, Seymour Glazer and Donald E. Campbell—set up a meeting on Sunday, April 15, with their Justice Department superiors, Kleindienst and Petersen. The latter two, in turn, immediately asked to see Nixon. Explained one Justice official: "These findings had to be brought to the attention of Nixon to give him the opportunity to salvage the presidency from the shambles of the Watergate evidence."

The meeting with Kleindienst and Petersen in the Executive Office Building apparently moved Nixon to make

his announcement of "major developments" two days later. The meeting also resulted in Kleindienst's decision to remove himself from further supervision of the case. He tried to keep this secret, but the word got out, and Kleindienst conceded that he had withdrawn because "persons with whom I have had personal and professional relationships" were being implicated. Newsmen took that to refer to 1) Mitchell, for whom Kleindienst had served as a deputy at the Justice Department and to whom he was greatly indebted for his promotion; and 2) Dean, who had been



SENATOR SAM ERVIN



JUDGE JOHN J. SIRICA

Kleindienst's own deputy from February 1969 to July 1970. Full control of the Justice Department probe was turned over to Henry Petersen, who had handled it all along—but with no great distinction in its limited early phase.

Dean and Mitchell were now on center stage in the developing drama. Both were called to testify by the grand jury. On April 14, Mitchell had been spotted by newsmen as he arrived quietly at the White House. Press Secretary Ziegler confirmed that the former Attorney General had been summoned to talk to John Ehrlichman, the President's chief adviser on domestic affairs. Ziegler would not disclose the nature of the talks. Yet it was soon learned

that Nixon had asked Ehrlichman to take over as his own top aide in investigating Watergate, replacing Dean, in whom the President had obviously lost confidence. Martha Mitchell insisted to newsmen that her husband had been called in by the President and had talked to him. She called Ziegler's report that her husband had not seen Nixon "a god-blessed lie." Said Mrs. Mitchell in a telephone call to the Associated Press: "The President wanted Mr. Mitchell down there. They're trying to get him and me as the two culprits." If Mitchell did not see Nixon, the snub seemed a demeaning way for the President to deal with an intimate on such a grave matter as implication in the scandal.

As speculation rose about Mitchell's involvement, the nation's onetime law-enforcement chief remained remarkably calm. Publicly, he scoffed at it all. "The stories are getting sillier all the time, aren't they?" he commented to a reporter. But *TIME* has learned that Mitchell's grand jury testimony at week's end was both self-incriminating and sensational.

Mitchell told the jurors that he had indeed discussed plans to bug Democratic headquarters on three, rather than just two, occasions. He did so in his office as Attorney General on Jan. 24 and Feb. 4, as well as in Key Biscayne about a month later, after he shifted to head the Nixon campaign committee. But on each occasion, Mitchell testified, he opposed the plans. This statement directly contradicted Magruder's story. Mitchell said that he thought that his objections had caused the plans to be abandoned.

Lowly. He did not learn that they were proceeding. Mitchell testified, until the wiretappers were arrested at the Watergate in June. Then, he told the jury, he became certain that someone in the White House had gone over his head and approved the plans. Without White House approval, Mitchell insisted, such lowly figures as Hunt and Liddy would not have dared to go ahead. Mitchell thus passed the buck back to Nixon's White House.

The former Attorney General also told the jury that he had known in advance that his Nixon committee deputy, Magruder, was going to give a false story to the grand jury last summer by denying any advance knowledge of the Watergate plans. Magruder has since conceded to Justice Department officials that he did testify truthfully, but claims that he did so at the urging of Mitchell. Mitchell denies that he told Magruder to lie. Magruder is thus wide open to a perjury charge and is in turn accusing Mitchell of suborning that perjury.

As for the payments to the wiretappers, Mitchell told the jury that he did approve such payments, beginning before the 1972 election and continuing even after he was no longer technically the head of the re-election committee. He claimed, however, that the payments



CONSPIRATOR G. GORDON LIDDY



CONSPIRATOR E. HOWARD HUNT

were not hush money, but funds needed by the arrested men for living expenses and legal fees. Mitchell said he was not sure precisely where this money had been kept, but that it was from campaign contributions.

Mitchell's testimony last week destroyed his previous public claims that he had never been aware in advance of any plans to bug Democratic headquarters. It is not yet clear whether Mitchell made the same assertions in his previous testimony to the grand jury last summer. If he explicitly did so, he too faces a potential perjury charge.

Certainly he contradicted his own sworn testimony in a deposition taken last fall in a civil suit filed by the Democratic National Committee against the Nixon committee. Mitchell was asked then: "Was there any discussion at which you were present or about which you heard when you were campaign director concerning having any form of surveillance of the Democratic National Committee headquarters?" Mitchell's reply: "No. I can't imagine a less productive activity than that." And if the Nixon committee, as Mitchell also claimed last June, had played no part in the wiretapping operation, then why did he approve payments to support the arrested men? Why not abandon them?

Scapegoat. Even as Mitchell was trying to pin responsibility on the White House, Counsel Dean was similarly threatening to take other Nixon aides down with him. He has passed word through friends that he intends to hold nothing back before the grand jury and that he will testify that there was, indeed, a cover-up by White House aides. That threat was made directly by Dean in a statement issued through a secretary, who telephoned it in a trembling voice to newsmen. The key passage: "Some may hope or think that I will become a scapegoat in the Watergate case. Anyone who believes this does not know me, know the true facts nor understand our system of justice."

That statement, released without

going through the usual channels of approval by the President or Ziegler's press office, drew a rebuke from Ziegler. He protested that Nixon's statement last week had "made it quite clear that the process now under way is not one to find scapegoats but one to get at the truth." But, newsmen asked, was Dean still on the job as counsel if he is in such disfavor? Replied Ziegler sarcastically: "He's in his office. I don't know what he's doing. Attending to business, I assume—business of some sort."

As White House aides began telephoning and meeting secretly with newsmen to leak their own self-serving versions of who was at fault, Dean's friends implied that his original report to the President on his investigation of the Watergate break-in had not been nearly as sweeping in its denial of White House involvement as the Nixon statement had claimed at that time (see box page 14). It thus seemed likely that Dean would tell the grand jury that somebody in the White House had overruled or altered his findings before they reached Nixon. The man most often cited as in a position to do that is Haldeman, who supervises Dean's office. Whether Nixon himself was aware of such an alteration in Dean's report is a question with grave implications.

The grand jury, meanwhile, was also probing another line of inquiry: the alleged use of campaign funds to promote a general attempt to disrupt the campaigns of the Democratic presidential candidates and use spying techniques to gather intelligence on their plans. Thus the jury was hearing from Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's longtime personal attorney, who has admitted to FBI agents that he paid California Lawyer Donald Segretti some \$40,000 in cash, although Kalmbach apparently has denied knowing that the money was for the purpose of disrupting and subverting the campaigns of Democratic candidates. The money came from that well-stuffed Stans safe, which at one time was

reported to hold some \$1,000,000 in cash. This line of inquiry by the grand jury could also implicate Dwight Chapin, who has admitted arranging the hiring of Segretti, and Gordon Strachan, who also helped recruit the agent provocateur.

While there was no evidence that employees of the Nixon committee or operatives in the White House were responsible, some strange things did occur in the campaigns of Senators Edmund Muskie, George McGovern and Hubert Humphrey. For example, someone representing himself as being from McGovern's headquarters invited AFL-CIO President George Meany to meet with McGovern at a time when neither wanted such a confrontation: the misunderstanding further alienated

Meany from the McGovern campaign. Someone posing as McGovern's top television-time buyer called CBS to say that he wanted to cancel a major speech, the network rechecked, found that the real buyer had not called. Before the Florida primary, a flyer printed on Muskie stationery wildly asserted that two of Muskie's opponents, Humphrey and Washington Senator Henry Jackson, had participated in "illicit sexual activities." In the New Hampshire primary, telephone callers identifying themselves as Muskie supporters repeatedly called voters after midnight to ask them how they were going to vote. In California, a phony Muskie letter told wealthy donors that they did not need to contribute to his campaign, since he wanted to rely on numerous small contributions from less affluent givers.

Guilt. Lately the collapse of the Watergate cover-up has caused the Nixon re-election committee to push hard for the settlement of two peripheral civil suits. Although Mitchell was no longer a committee official, he approached Democratic National Chairman Robert S. Strauss three weeks ago with an offer of \$525,000 to settle a \$6.4 million suit filed by the Democratic National Committee. The committee has charged that the Watergate wiretapping violated the civil rights of the then-National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien and other top Democrats, some of whose phones had been successfully tapped in a previous break-in. Strauss at first was inclined to accept the offer, considering it to be "a lot of money and an admission of guilt." But the Republicans did not want it viewed as an admission, and Strauss finally rejected any offer, preferring to hold the suit as a weapon to get the full truth in case it does not come out in the judicial proceedings.

The Nixon Committee's finance chairman, Maurice Stans, similarly set up a meeting with John Gardner, head of Common Cause, the citizens' group that is trying to force the Republican Committee into making some disclo-

tures. Specifically, Common Cause wants to know the names of secret donors who rushed to contribute before a new campaign law requiring disclosure went into effect last April. Some \$15 million is estimated to have been collected in the month before that. Gardner's suit claims that public reports on the names and on receipts and expenditures were required even before the deadline. Stans wanted Gardner to soften his suit. Gardner refused, and a trial is expected.

Bombs. Conspirator McCord last week further complicated Stans' life by filing a \$1.5 million damage suit of his own against the Nixon committee, charging that Stans, Magruder and the former Nixon committee treasurer, Hugh W. Sloan Jr., had approved his wiretapping activities and led him to believe that they were legal.

As the multiple controversies exploded in Washington, the city turned jittery. Declared a high Administration official about the staff in the White House: "It's like the last days in a Berlin bunker in 1945. They're all sitting there waiting for the bombs to drop."

Some White House careers were effectively ended. Dean was isolated and certainly would have to quit, if he is not fired. Haldeman seemed hopelessly compromised, if only because many of the men in the deepest trouble at one time or other reported to him: Dean, Chapin, Strachan, Magruder. It is Haldeman's duty as chief of staff to protect the President from such disasters; instead his shop played a big hand in creating the debacle.

One man moving most frantically to clear himself was John Ehrlichman, who has long worked intimately with Haldeman and thus could be tainted. Justice Department officials say he was the source of some news leaks about others in the affair through intermediaries, and his friends were saying that he had long opposed the secretive handling of the whole scandal. Haldeman and Ehrlichman last week both retained a lawyer, who said he would "consult with them and advise them on phases of what has become known as the Watergate case."

Certainly the credibility of Press Secretary Ziegler has been shattered, although it was compromised long ago. Last week Clark Mollenhoff, the Des Moines *Register's* Washington bureau chief (and a former Nixon adviser), dramatized the growing feeling of many newsmen about Ziegler. At a White House press briefing, Mollenhoff contended that Ziegler had twice privately given him information about Watergate that was now shown to be untrue. "I think I have some rights to have you apologize at the present time for being inaccurate," Mollenhoff said. Replied Ziegler: "Sir, I responded to your question at that time, and my remarks stand on the record." Trembling with rage, Mollenhoff persisted: "Were you inaccurate? This is a matter of personal priv-

ilege," Ziegler said he had nothing further to say. "But you gave me misinformation, and I wrote a story, and that has to do with my credibility," protested Mollenhoff. Ziegler: "Well, sir, I will stand on the comment."

Two wings of Nixon's White House remain unclipped by Watergate. There was never any indication that Henry Kissinger's national security advisers or George Shultz's economic planners were in any way tainted. Yet for the most part the President has been ill-served by the type of men he has chosen to work with him. Throughout his presidency one of his greatest weaknesses has been his inability to attract, or his unwillingness to select, men of depth and vision. He has surrounded himself in the White House with practical men whose priority qualification is loyalty. With some exceptions, they tend to be manipulators, managers and protectors rather than independent-minded advisers. They get things done—and the means do not seem to matter.

One of the great remaining mysteries about Watergate is just what these pragmatic men hoped to gain by eavesdropping on Democratic conversations and copying Democratic Party documents. The only logical explanation would seem to be that they did not really know what they would find—but that they somehow felt that learning everything about the opponent's strategy, weaknesses and day-by-day problems was worth the high risk. They perhaps hoped for some startling revelation that could be used against the Democrats. Given Nixon's past campaign performances—the narrow loss to John Kennedy, the last-minute slippage to Hubert Humphrey—a sense of insecurity may have lured his aides into wanting to seize every advantage, even if illegal, this time.

The overriding question, of course, is how the whole Watergate scandal will affect Richard Nixon's ability to govern. Even before the latest disclosures, a Gallup poll showed that 84% of Americans had heard about Watergate and that 41% believed that Nixon knew about plans for the bugging operation before it was carried out. Future rev-

elations—and any indictments—will further unsettle the public and, in turn, upset Republican Congressmen. The impact of Watergate may well make it harder for Nixon to keep fellow Republicans in Congress behind him on critical votes over the budget. The federal bureaucracy, which Nixon has been trying to manage through second-level officials dispatched from the White House, may now prove restless and untameable. These White House agents have lost much of their clout. Many Republican politicians throughout the nation may move to dissociate themselves further from the dark and billowing cloud.

The Nixon Administration has lost a more intangible element of national leadership: the ability to mediate, persuade and inspire. Without such fragile qualities as trust, credibility and integrity, that ability is seriously impaired. The ramifications of Watergate have badly diminished the Administration's capacity to exert moral authority.

Despair. In this new crisis Nixon seemed to be turning inward. He asked an old and trusted friend, Secretary of State William Rogers, to join him on a moonlight cruise on the Potomac last Monday night. On Thursday he cruised almost alone, except for his *Sequoia* crew. Over the weekend he flew to Key Biscayne and left Haldeman and Ehrlichman, who almost always travel with him, in Washington.

Before he departed, Nixon held one of his rare meetings with the full Cabinet. Perhaps he felt that its members deserved a report or some reassurance from him. The mood, said one participant, was one of "concern bordering on despair." Watergate was clearly the dominant subject of conversation. "We're going to clear it up," Nixon told the Cabinet. Later, almost with an air of "this too shall pass," he said that "things go on."

It would be tragic if Richard Nixon's considerable achievements as President were coupled in history with the sordid business of Watergate—as now seems likely. Yet for a while, at least, one of his most cherished words, "honor," will have a hollow ring.

CONSPIRATOR JAMES MCCORD



ANTI-NIXON CAMPAIGN DEMONSTRATION



Sadness in Mid-America

MY home town of Greenfield, Iowa, is still a pretty good place from which to look back at the White House now in its season of anguish. The village is rich in nothing so much as its black soil and enduring common sense. It is a cross section of very little except deep human feeling. Slow to anger, slow to forgive, profoundly humble from living on the unrelenting prairie, the people of Greenfield are disturbed by Richard Nixon's presidency.



The impact of the new Watergate revelations is felt. But there is more. The people who stop now around the square in the first warm sun of spring seem to teeter between a quiet revulsion and a kind of muted tolerance. They still hope for the best. They don't want the President to be disgraced. They don't want Richard Nixon to fail. It is Nixon's own abuse of this special grace which they hold out to him that baffles and disappoints them the most.

Watergate by itself means almost nothing—not even the new revelations about White House aides and former Attorney General John Mitchell. Nixon's effort to cover it up for ten months, however, means everything. His ending of the American involvement in Viet Nam is praiseworthy. His continued bombing in Cambodia and Laos seems senseless. His cutting of small domestic programs that affect the people is understandable. His reluctance to rein in defense spending and what is often seen as his toadying to millionaires and corporate giants are discouraging.

His urge to enlarge his power and win his way over his adversaries in the press and Congress is nothing new in human affairs. But his disregard for tradition and good manners, his indifference to humans or institutions that get in his way, are appalling. His concern about high food prices is entirely reasonable. But allowing the blame to fall on farmers whose costs have risen astronomically over the past few years is unfair.

In short, almost all those singular contradictions which mark Nixon's presidency are perceived and now raise concern in this old Republican barony. The specifics of the issues are often not even known or understood, but a rule as old as the presidency still is operative: The most telling measure of a man's stewardship finally is himself, or at least the way he portrays himself.

We gathered one night, friends in mourning for a young mother killed by cancer, and the talk drifted from personal tragedy to national concern. The doctor summed up what many were thinking. "I don't know a man who does so much of what I want and whom I dislike so much," he said of Nixon. Time and again the theme was repeated: Why must the President pursue noble objectives in such underhanded ways?

"It's the stupidity of the thing that gets me," declared a retired druggist about Watergate. He was one of many who felt that nothing was quite so bad as the insult to the national intelligence, the degrading spectacle of their Government run by men with such small minds.

Not once but several times, a rhetorical ghost from more than ten years ago came back voluntarily. "How's Tricky Dicky?" asked a farmer in the lobby of the bank. A few hours later a small businessman shook his head more in sadness than in anger and remarked, "Well, old Tricky Dicky is in a mess."

Said a lawyer-farmer: "It seems that it is only the little guys who are allowed to fail and go broke under Nixon. The big guys are taken care of. They just go on, no matter what they do."

A printer turned his thumb down when Nixon's name came up. The justice of the peace wondered, "Does he care about anyone any longer?"

The indictments were almost total. Yet, they were for the most part delivered gently, almost with more hope that they would be dispelled soon rather than confirmed. "These people aren't against Nixon on everything," insisted the banker. We were back full circle to the thought that the President was violating those intangible dimensions of democracy like decency and concern and candor that he preached about all the time. Curiously, nobody but Nixon was blamed for Watergate. The names of White House staff members and Mitchell were of no importance. It all piled up at the door of the Oval Office.

Will such people forgive? Maybe, if the full truth really does come out. Last week the residue of a brutal winter was finally disappearing in Iowa. A warm wind caressed the long horizon, and a huge moon rose in a clear sky. Thoughts turned to the new growing season and the struggle ahead. There will not be much time for anything else for a few weeks. But memories are not erased by gimmickry and button-down flackery. Living on the land gives people a special sense of participation. "Who does Nixon think he is doing this to?" asked one man. "Who does he think this Government is? It's us."

The Big Shake-Up in

In Hong Kong, an agent of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency slips into a railroad yard and checks the wear on ball bearings of freight cars coming in from China to try to spot unusual troop movements. Meanwhile, another agent goes to the Hong Kong central market and buys a large order of calf's liver from animals raised in China to run a lab test for radioactive fallout.

In Eastern Europe, a CIA team tries to obtain a sample of a Communist party chief's urine. Purpose: to determine his state of health. The CIA did this successfully with Egypt's late King Farouk but failed recently with Yugoslavia's President Tito.

THESE are only a few of myriad missions that the CIA has performed around the world. The agency is also constantly accused of fantastic James Bondian exploits that more often than not it has nothing to do with. The fact is that no nation can any longer accept Secretary of State Henry Stimson's bland dictum of 1929 that "gentlemen do not read other people's mail." In a nuclear-tinged globe, intelligence is more vital than ever. Nor can a world power automatically limit itself to such a passive role as mere information gathering; trying to influence events may at times be necessary. But it can no longer be done with the crudity and arrogance displayed in the Bay of Pigs invasion of 1961, or the attempt with the International Telephone and Telegraph Corp. to sow economic chaos in Chile in 1970. To harness the CIA's excesses and yet utilize its immense capabilities for keeping the U.S. abreast of world developments, the Nixon Administration has ordered the greatest reorganization in the agency's 25-year history.

Cooperate. Reports *TIME's* Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter, who has been keeping a watch on the CIA: "For the first time since its founding the CIA is undergoing a thorough shakeup of personnel and redirection of mission. The two main targets of U.S. intelligence activities continue to be the Soviet Union and China. But a rapidly developing détente with those countries has created different demands on the intelligence establishment. Along with traditional estimates of the missile and military capabilities of Communist countries, the White House is insisting on a new emphasis on assessments of their political and strategic intentions. The entire intelligence estimating process is being refined to include more stress on such developments as Soviet and Chinese grain outputs and computer advances."

To chart this new direction, President Nixon has turned to a tweedy, pipe-smoking economist and military strategist, James R. Schlesinger, 44, who

a Gentleman's Club

in February took over as director of the CIA. Aides quote Schlesinger as saying that "the entire intelligence community can produce a better product with a lower level of resources." In short, the nation's spy network should generate better intelligence for less money.

Schlesinger has ordered the firing or forced retirement of 600 of the CIA's 18,000 worldwide employees; 400 more are expected to go by year's end. His aim is to cut costs, eliminate marginal performers, and change the leadership of the agency. Among those who have gone are several of the long-entrenched top deputies of former CIA Director Richard Helms, who tended to favor the "operational men," or spies in the field, over the cerebral analysts, who ponder the intelligence and make policy recommendations. These two sides of the agency, traditionally separated, have orders to cooperate more.

Paramilitary operations are being scaled down. In South Viet Nam, the CIA's role in the "Phoenix"—or counterterror—program has already been phased out. The program used CIA agents to advise the South Vietnamese in the "neutralization," or killing, of Viet Cong officials. Such covert activities are under the CIA's deputy director of operations, currently William Colby, 53, a former ambassador who was in charge of pacification in Viet Nam from 1969 to mid-1971.

Often called the agency's "dirty tricks department," Colby's section controls field agents who are involved in clandestine activities, including keeping a watch on the KGB (Soviet intelligence) and working with intelligence organizations in Western countries. But Colby's group is now placing new emphasis on such activities as getting early

warnings of—and curbing—international terrorist operations and narcotics traffic. Through intercepts of communications, the CIA has discovered who ordered the killing of the U.S. and Belgian diplomats in Khartoum two months ago. It also knows the financial sources of the Black Septemberists, who carried out those assassinations, as well as the murders of Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics.

Rivalry. With the downgrading of cloak-and-dagger operations, one of Schlesinger's tasks will be the strengthening of the "leadership for the [intelligence] community as a whole," a recommendation that he himself urged on the President in 1971, when he was an assistant director of the Office of Management and Budget. Now, Schlesinger not only heads the CIA but also has ultimate responsibility for the Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency, which provides intelligence for the armed forces, and the National Security Agency, which directs spy planes, satellites and a vast communications-monitoring apparatus that cracks codes and gathers data from other countries.

Schlesinger, as chairman of the Intelligence Resources Advisory Committee, will be taking a hard look at the combined \$6.2 billion (some estimates put it as high as \$8 billion) spent by the three agencies. Nearly half of the money goes for satellite reconnaissance and spy planes; about \$750 million is budgeted to the CIA.

Schlesinger also must watch out for a smoldering rivalry between the CIA and the DIA. The rivalry broke out in the open recently in the form of an article in the small (circa 75,000) monthly magazine *Army*, written by Major General Daniel O. Graham last December—before he was picked by Schlesinger to be a member of his five-man Intelligence Resources Advisory Committee. Graham's article contended that the Pentagon should win back from the

CIA primary responsibility for analyzing strategic military intelligence. To the embarrassment of military leaders, he conceded that in the past the Pentagon's estimates of Communist military potential were vastly overstated, and that the nation's decision makers rightly regarded those estimates as "self-serving, budget-oriented and generally inflated." But, he wrote, the Pentagon has so greatly reformed and improved its analysis in recent years that there will be no more "bad overestimates" like "bomber gaps," "missile gaps," and "megaton gaps."

Aided by Graham, who will be the primary link between the CIA and the DIA, Schlesinger hopes to improve relations with the Pentagon Under the able Richard



CIA DIRECTOR JAMES R. SCHLESINGER
Inducing constructive tensions.

Helms, CIA analysts had remained aloof from the military, and there were bitter battles between the CIA and DIA during the Viet Nam War over estimates of enemy infiltration and intentions. To increase accountability within the agency, Schlesinger has told CIA's analysts to sign all their intelligence reports. He hopes that bylines on the blue and white-covered CIA assessments will sharpen analyses and make the authors feel personally responsible for their assessments.

Schlesinger seems just the man to shake up the CIA. A seasoned scholar, bureaucrat and Republican, he enjoys the confidence of President Nixon. He was graduated *summa cum laude* from Harvard ('50), later got his Ph.D. in economics there, taught at the University of Virginia, and was director of strategic studies at the Rand Corp. He joined the old Bureau of the Budget in 1969, and two years later was named chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. His prodding of utility executives to pay more attention to environmental safeguards impressed the President. When industry leaders complained, Schlesinger told them, "Gentlemen, I'm not here to protect your triple-A bond ratings."

While maintaining traditional secrecy about clandestine operations, Schlesinger is moving fast to lift the veil of conspiracy that has shrouded the agency. In an unprecedented move last month, he allowed a CIA agent, William Broe, the former chief of clandestine operations for the Western Hemisphere, to testify before a Senate subcommittee investigating the involvement of the CIA and the International Telephone and Telegraph Corp. in Chilean political affairs.

As tough-minded as he is candid, Schlesinger leaves little doubt that he is determined to reform and redefine the CIA's role. Said he recently to an old CIA hand: "The trouble with this place is that it has been run like a gentleman's club—but I'm no gentleman."





KERNER IN CHICAGO AFTER SENTENCING

TRIALS

Easy on Kerner

The man standing before Federal Judge Robert L. Taylor was impeccably groomed and held himself ramrod stiff. In a loud and clear voice, Otto Kerner last week vowed before a packed courtroom in Chicago that he would "continue to challenge the erroneous verdict rendered against me." With that, Judge Taylor sentenced Kerner, 64, a U.S. Court of Appeals judge and twice Governor of Illinois, and Co-Defendant Theodore Isaacs to three years in prison and \$50,000 in fines. In February, a jury had found both guilty of taking part in a dubious race-track stock deal in which Kerner, while Governor, netted nearly \$145,000 in profit.

The prosecutor, U.S. Attorney James Thompson, who had recommended "substantial" terms for both men, said that he thought Taylor had acted out of "compassion," since Kerner could have received up to 58 years in prison, and Isaacs 48. As matters stand, it is possible that neither man may ever serve a day in jail. They were sentenced under a provision that makes them both eligible for immediate parole.

MISSOURI

The Candy Mystery

When former Missouri Democratic Senator Edward V. Long died last November at 64, his death was attributed to a "cerebral vascular accident" that had "all the appearance of a stroke." Last week it was revealed that Helen Dunlop, the Senator's secretary and close companion for 26 years, had touched off an official probe by charging that his death was actually the result of poisoning.

Miss Dunlop claimed in March that before Long died he told her that he had eaten chocolates sent to him by a businessman in Clayton, Mo. She said she and Long had dinner together just before he died, and he told her he thought he had been poisoned by the

candy. It had a bitter taste, he said. According to Miss Dunlop, he later reported feeling numb in the arms and legs. The unidentified businessman denied ever sending candy to Long, police reported. Miss Dunlop failed to say why she waited four months before going to authorities and telling them her story.

The bizarre charges became known only after Long's widow Florence, 60, filed a \$3,250,000 suit charging the secretary with alienation of her husband's affections. Long had been having an affair with Miss Dunlop, according to the widow's suit, since before 1968, the year he lost his Senate seat amid charges of corrupt dealings with officials of the Teamsters Union. Mrs. Long also petitioned the court to determine the assets of his estate, claiming in an affidavit that Miss Dunlop, 46, and two other employees "have concealed or embezzled or otherwise unlawfully held" property owned by the late Senator.

In his will, Long left \$10 each to his widow and his daughter, Mrs. Ann Miller, 30. Mrs. Long also received the jointly owned property, including a Missouri farm, a home in Phoenix, Ariz., and a summer place in Wisconsin, but the bulk of Long's \$770,000 estate went to his granddaughter, five-year-old Ann Elizabeth Miller. Miss Dunlop was named executrix. Under terms of the will, Miss Dunlop receives \$7,500 annually.

DEFENSE

Painful Pentagon Cuts

"I don't know if I have—or want—any political future in Massachusetts." With that glum assessment, Secretary of Defense Elliot Richardson responded to mounting criticism of his order last week to shut down 40 military bases and reduce many others, in-

cluding several in his home state of Massachusetts. An estimated 42,800 military and civilian jobs will be eliminated at a saving of some \$375 million a year. Says a Pentagon official: "We have never hit so few places so hard before."

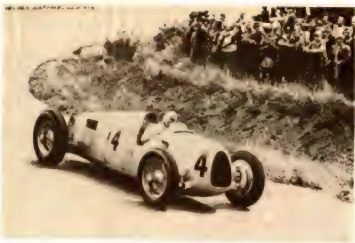
Some are harder hit than others. New England will suffer the most. In Rhode Island, where the U.S. Navy is the biggest employer, more than 21,000 people will be thrown out of work with the closing of the Newport naval base because of lack of facilities to handle today's huge aircraft carriers. In Massachusetts, 6,700 people will lose their jobs when the venerable Boston naval shipyard is closed because of inadequate docking facilities. Equally hard hit by the cuts is Hunters Point shipyard in San Francisco. Of the 5,184 civilians slated to lose their jobs, many are members of minority groups who have been trained as welders, machinists, toolmakers and die-makers.

The South escapes relatively unscathed from the reductions, not surprisingly, since Southerners in Congress remain in control of military affairs. When McCoy Air Force Base shuts down in Orlando, Fla., thousands of people will be out of work. But the city's economy, booming from the \$40 million Disney World venture, will hardly notice the loss. Though Georgia will lose three military bases, Senator Sam Nunn said he would ask some questions of the Administration but not raise too much fuss. Compared to the cutbacks in other states, he declared, "Georgia fared well."

While other installations shrink or disappear, the San Diego Navy Base will expand. It will become in fact the largest U.S. Navy port, reflecting the Pentagon's decision to locate on the Pacific Coast the nation's prime naval facilities. Thirty-one ships will be transferred to San Diego, bringing along 12,000 crewmen and adding as much

DESTROYER ESCORT IN DRYDOCK FOR REPAIRS AT BOSTON NAVAL SHIPYARD





You don't win 18 Grand Prix without learning a thing or two.

On July 15, 1934, an incredible thing happened in racing. A Mercedes-Benz didn't win the Grand Prix. For that matter, neither did an Alfa Romeo or a Maserati.

It was an Auto Union car (that was Audi's corporate name back then), designed by Dr. Ferdinand Porsche and driven by Hans Stuck that thundered past the checkered flag first.

Five weeks later, we took the Swiss Grand Prix. And then the Czech Grand Prix. In fact, we chalked up a grand total of 18 Grand Prix. Plus 16 Hill Climbs.

And even the coveted Vanderbilt Cup, held at Roosevelt Raceway, New York, where the great Bernd Rosemeyer and his sixteen-cylinder monster charged home to victory, with Rudi Caracciola's Mercedes and Rex Mays' Alfa trailing far behind.

We raced for glory and prestige and that "gut feeling" only drivers can put into words.

We also raced for knowledge. For what better way to test the mettle of a car than in a race, with all its grueling banks and curves, with the competition breathing down your neck.

Today we no longer race. But we've learned

enough from yesteryear to have a lot in common with cars that do.

For example, our new Audi has rack-and-pinion steering which is the most direct steering system a car can have.

It's got a *servo-thrust* synchromesh transmission that makes shifting quick and precise.

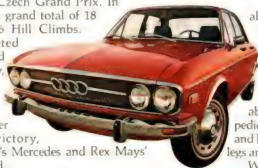
The Audi has independent front suspension so you get more control with fewer jolts.

And a rear axle with twin adjustable torsion bars for precise road holding.

Of course, the Audi also has quite a few features that racing cars don't have. Like front-wheel drive. And seats that are not only very plush, but also very comfortable. (They were designed by orthopedic surgeons.) And enough legroom and headroom for just about anybody's legs and head.

We're as proud of our car today as we were on that hot July day of '34 when we won our first Grand Prix. And we're as determined now, as we were then, to reach a standard of excellence no other car manufacturer can hope to attain.

And experience is indeed a great teacher.



The Audi.[®]



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Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar,"
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report February '73

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

as \$100 million a year to the Navy payroll. Last year the Navy contributed \$1.2 billion to the economy of the San Diego area. The expansion is expected to add \$56.5 million a year in retail sales alone; some 6,800 new jobs will be created to serve the base.

Residents have mixed feelings about this boost to their economy. San Diego is one of the fastest-growing regions in California, and thus there is a severe housing shortage. 1,000 Navy families

are already on the waiting list. The city does not know how it will accommodate the influx of newcomers—or educate their children. Because of the cutbacks in impact aid for schools serving federal installations, the San Diego school system has been trimmed to 54,000,000 (from an anticipated \$6,000,000) in federal funds this year.

Protests over the closing of bases are not likely to dissuade the White House. The plan has been in the works

for more than a year. Richardson simply reviewed the details and went along. While past Presidents have grumbled about superfluous bases and then backed off, Nixon clearly means business. In fact, more cuts may be in store, including some of the 1963 U.S. installations overseas. Of all the controversial cutbacks Nixon has proposed to date, the trimming of military bases seems best able to stand the test of prudent management.

AMERICAN SCENE

A City Discovers Its Gothic Psyche

One hundred miles north of Los Angeles, beneath the snow-dusted mountains of the Tejon Pass, the San Joaquin Valley begins its long, level stretch to the northwest crisscrossed by misty fields of newly seeded cotton. Dotted across the farm land are the horse-head beams of oil wells pumping riches out of the ground. Water rolls through the locks and valves of a vast irrigation network. The lush valley has been drilled, plowed, fertilized, sprayed and pummeled into productivity by a succession of determined refugees from Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas and by a sprinkling of Armenians, Italians and Basques. The people still work the land hard for a living. Bakersfield, a city of 74,000 and the seat of Kern County, is the hub of the lower valley and reflects that habit of work. TIME Correspondent Richard Duncan traveled there recently to take a look at yet another man-made miracle. The King of Glory. His report

THE idea for the pageant began in 1969 when Martha Knight, head of the local ballet theater, choreographed a religious ballet for her student group. Philip Dodson, music director of the First Baptist Church, saw it and asked if she would come talk to him. As Martha Knight recalls it, Dodson said, "I have a dream," and she blurted out, "I think I have the same dream."

By May, 1971, the two dreamers had written a narration based on the

Gospels and put together a tape of selections from Handel and Berlioz which they played for John Lavender, the soft-spoken pastor of the First Baptist Church. He was quickly sold on the idea of a pageant, and soon found an anonymous angel who put up \$20,000 to get production started.

As the months went by the cast grew to more than 100 members, the scenes multiplied to thirty, the chorus to 250 voices and the choral score was refined into 263 pages. Nearly 500 costumes were needed, along with 30 seamstresses to sew them. Costs were kept down by relying on volunteers. Says Martha Knight: "I didn't want to go to theater groups asking for people because the purpose of the production is to be not only a work of art, but an act to the greater glory of God. There has to be that."

Surely there had to be something to keep so many people coming to weekly rehearsals for almost two years, some only to walk onstage for as little as a minute or two. Joe Leggio, a local banker whose business sense helped keep the show afloat, rolls his eyes to heaven and confides: "Listen, I've got my own idea about what's up there and what's not, but some awfully peculiar things have happened to keep *King of Glory* going." Somewhere along the line, the idea began to take on a dynamism of its own. "I call it the Gothic psyche," says Dodson. "There you

had thousands of people in the Dark Ages who were part of a spiritual movement to build cathedrals. Here we have a spiritual movement among hundreds of people to have a pageant."

Ten days before opening night, costumes, scenery, stars, technicians, chorus and all were moved into the civic auditorium. The Bakersfield Civic is not a run-of-the-mill rural hall. It boasts 4,142 seats and a whole new array of devices for the technicians. The first lighting run-through began at 6 p.m. one Friday and lasted almost nonstop until 2 a.m. the following Monday, a caving, exhausting experience that left men muttering and women weeping.

Finally, a fortnight ago, *The King of Glory* had its opening. Townsfolk began to arrive more than an hour before the performance to grab off the best nonreserved seats. Martha Knight sat nervously with her husband in the eighth row center, her orchid corsage quivering. Backstage, the chorus bent their heads and prayed: "Lord give us a calmness and give us an excellence too as we sing for you."

He did. It was good. It really was. The voices were fuller, the dancers steps a little lighter than in rehearsals. There was a feeling of spontaneity and joy. In the audience, there was sniffling and sobbing, particularly during the poignant Crucifixion scene. When it was over, most people left in an emotionally drained silence.

Earlier, John Lavender had said, "I think that if this pageant were never seen by one person, it would be worth the whole effort." In that case, they had a nice bonus: all five performances were sold out.

MEMBERS OF THE BAKERSFIELD COMPANY IN THE LAST SUPPER SCENE FROM "THE KING OF GLORY" PAGEANT



INDOCHINA

A Very Uncertain Truce

ACROSS the bleeding lands of Indochina last week, the only certainty was uncertainty. The cease-fire agreement signed three months ago in Paris was increasingly ignored. American bombers were blasting targets in Laos and Cambodia. North Vietnamese troops and weapons continued to flood into South Viet Nam. Cambodia's position darkened ominously.

As the overall situation worsened the U.S. stepped up its efforts to shore up the anti-Communist position.

► Economic talks with North Viet Nam in Paris were broken off and American officials warned Hanoi that its disregard for the cease-fire jeopardized the possibility of any postwar aid.

► Minesweeping in North Vietnamese waters was suspended.

► In Washington, a State Department spokesman told North Viet Nam that if it "damped down the war in Cambodia," there would be a "prompt and quite positive response on our part."

► There were hints that B-52s—which last week hit Laotian targets for the first time since late February—might soon be in action over South Viet Nam once again. For the U.S., that would be an exceedingly risky tactic in addition to troops and matériel, the Communists have moved SAM-2 missiles down the Ho Chi Minh Trail into territory they control.

Bowing to U.S. demands that he broaden the base of his government, Cambodia's ailing, half-paralyzed Lon Nol last week called for the resignation

of his Cabinet. He then moved to invite three former allies—one-time Deputy Premier Sisowath Sirik Matak, ex-Interior Minister In Tam and ex-Head of State Cheng Heng—to join a superior council, consisting of eleven high-ranking representatives of the nation's political parties, that would act as an advisory body. In fact, most foreign observers thought that Lon Nol's moves were little more than a cosmetic change and doubted that the various political factions would go along. As one Western diplomat in Phnom-Penh put it: "Lon Nol left things too late. Last year, perhaps, his old colleagues would have cooperated with him. Now, no one trusts his younger brother Lon Non, no one believes there will be any sharing of power." At week's end, however, there were rumors in Saigon and Phnom-Penh that Lon Non, who had remained a behind-the-scenes power even after his resignation as Minister of the Interior three weeks ago, was planning a trip to the U.S. With Lon Non out of the way, a real governmental reform just might be possible.

Overripe Fruit. The political maneuvering took place in the midst of a crumbling military situation. The Communist forces continued their methodical cutting of the five major highways leading to Phnom-Penh; almost as soon as government troops open one road, another is closed. Diplomats, however, ruled out a Communist attempt to overrun the capital. "They don't want to capture it," one observer said. "They want to create such economic chaos that

there will be riots—and then the Lon Nol government will fall like an overripe fruit." In the city itself last week prices continued to rise. The arrival of a few fuel convoys had almost no effect on the chronic shortage of kerosene, gasoline and diesel oil.

The resumption of U.S. bombing in Laos was described by Defense Secretary Elliot Richardson as a response to "a flagrant violation" of the Laotian cease-fire by the Communists. Washington officials said that the B-52s went into action after a North Vietnamese regiment led an attack on the Tha Vieng area in the Plain of Jars. U.S. embassy sources in Saigon, however, dismissed the attack as a minor action—"perhaps a squabble over rice." After two days the raids halted, which suggested that the B-52s were used more to dramatize U.S. dismay over the deteriorating situation in Indochina and less for specifically tactical purposes.

Across the border in South Viet Nam, government troops continued to battle North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces in actions scattered across the country. Canadian and Indonesian truce officials, thwarted by both sides as well as by their Hungarian and Polish colleagues, were hinting at quitting the ineffective International Commission of Control and Supervision—a move that would all but destroy the unit. For Cambodia, Laos and South Viet Nam, peace seemed no nearer at hand than it did a year ago.



CAMBODIAN SOLDIERS MOVE TOWARD FRONT LINES PAST FLEEING CIVILIANS





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WOMAN IN DROUGHT-RAVAGED UPPER VOLTA GATHERS BUDS FOR USE AS FOOD

AFRICA

King Famine

Even in the best of years, much of sub-Saharan Africa is stalked by the grim specter of famine. This year has been one of the worst. A 40-month drought has left the area brown and blistered. Crops have failed; millions of cattle have died. Thousands of farmers are eating seed grains to stave off starvation, thus ensuring that there will be insufficient food from future harvests. In lands where suicide is rare, starving nomads, after losing their herds, have killed themselves in desperation.

Hardest hit is Mali, a landlocked country where livestock are considered more precious than money. There, at least 1,000,000 of the nation's estimated 5,000,000 cattle have perished in the worst drought in memory.

Along sandy roads in neighboring Mauritania, the skeletons of hundreds of cattle bask in the sun, picked nearly clean by vultures. Hundreds of other cattle, sheep and goats lie on the parched sand, eyes glassy and ribs protruding, too weak to move. Soon they also will die. In Senegal, desert herds, men, short of water and grazing land, are driving their scrawny herds to Dakar in a desperate effort to sell the animals before they die. The price for cows these days is as low as \$3 a head.

The drought has caused even greater disruption in Upper Volta, where a southward migration of more than a million people is under way. Nomads are pouring into Ivory Coast and Ghana in a search for grazing lands. Their starving animals are poaching on cropland tended by subsistence farmers. The result has been a number of pitched battles, similar to those between cattlemen and sodabusters in America's Old West.

A major reason for the drought is man's neglect of the land. Goats and camels have denuded millions of acres of savanna. In order to feed their animals, herdsman cut off the tops of trees, halting their growth. Weather experts believe that this systematic stripping of land has altered the climate and brought about an unmistakable decline in the rainfall. As a result, the Sahara is spreading south at a rate of more than half a mile each year.

The U.N.'s Rome-based Food and Agriculture Organization is coordinating an airlift to bring more than 400,000 tons of grain to the stricken nations. This is a stopgap measure at best. U.S. officials in Dakar estimate that grain gifts may have to continue for another 30 years. They also believe that it may take three decades to build irrigation and reforestation projects to contain the desert—assuming that the poverty-stricken sub-Saharan nations can find the billions necessary for the job.

UNITED NATIONS

War of Words

Repeating a familiar, futile ritual, the U.N. Security Council was called into session last week in response to the Israeli commando attacks on Beirut. Even Arab diplomats acknowledged that they did not expect the meeting to find a solution to the Middle East crisis. In fact, said Algerian Ambassador Abdellatif Rahal, "it is not my intention to propose one." Instead, he and other Middle Eastern emissaries planned to spend the session condemning both Israel and the U.S., which, in the view of Arab leaders, promotes Israel's military aggressiveness.

Rahal charged that it was "curious

that the U.S. should recognize no responsibility for the use that is made of the arms and financial aid that it furnishes Israel, or that it should express astonishment at the suspicion shown toward it when events such as those in Lebanon take place."

Squabble. Before U.S. Ambassador John Scali had a chance to reply to the Arab charges, a squabble broke out between the Russian and Chinese ambassadors. Yakov Malik insisted that any resolution on the Middle East make reference to the nonuse of force in international relations. Chinese Ambassador Huang Hua denounced the Soviet proposal as "downright fraud," since "along the northern frontier of China it [the Soviet Union] has stationed a million troops to threaten China." Could this, asked Huang, "be called nonuse of force in international relations?"

Malik later set off another brisk diplomatic exchange when he noted that the Israelis felt "nearer than any other people to God." He added: "I am an atheist but I do not believe God would be so partial." Rapping the table with his pipe, the Israeli Ambassador, Yosef Tekoah, shouted: "I do not believe that the Security Council should be a forum for the kind of slander and abuses of any people's faith we heard just now from Ambassador Malik!" Tekoah then proceeded to bring up the Soviet Union's prewar pact with Nazi Germany, which drew a sharp protest from Malik.

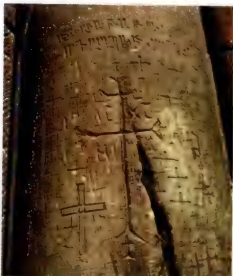
After that, Scali was content to make a brief speech, in which he asked for an evenhanded resolution condemning "violence and terror from whatever source and of whatever kind." He told Arab diplomats privately that he would veto any resolution on Israel that he considered too one-sided.

Scali managed to sidestep a veto. The Security Council voted 11-0, with the U.S. and three other nations abstaining, to adopt a resolution that condemned Israel's raids on Lebanon and also deplored "all recent acts of violence"—a phrase that could be interpreted to include Arab terrorism. The compromise did not please the Arabs. Egyptian Foreign Minister Mohammed el-Zayyat declared that "if the situation in the Middle East defies any solution today it is because of United States support for Israel."

Meanwhile, the first suspected act of violence by Black September terrorists within the U.S. took place in Washington, D.C., last week. A shot was fired into a bedroom of the home of the New Zealand chargé d'affaires. Luckily, no one was hurt. Apparently it was a ludicrous case of mistaken identity: the attackers were after the Jordanian ambassador—who had moved away two years earlier. "The terrorists may have been using a very old diplomatic directory," said the understandably nervous New Zealand chargé, Gerald Hemley, adding: "It is most unlikely that the shot was intended for us. We have a very low profile on Middle East matters."



Full moon rising over Jerusalem (above) bathes the Israeli Knesset in foreground and high-rise apartments beyond in orange glow. Stone carvings (below) show cross and Star of David.





Apartment house goes up in occupied Sharm el Sheikh.

Honeycomb of new and not-so-new construction in Jerusalem.





Antennas atop homes in Old City of Jerusalem.



Israelis and Arabs mingle at bus stop near Damascus Gate.



Israeli youths protest construction of high-rise hotel.

El Al's circular fire escape in Tel Aviv.



Russian immigrants arriving at Lod Airport.

A Menorah silhouetted against the Wailing Wall.





An aged Moroccan Jew with his smiling Sabra granddaughter.



Dome-shaped units of Sharm Hotel on beach at Sharm el Sheikh.

Two boys, one an Arab, the other an Orthodox Jew, share a cigarette.



Israeli soldier on patrol near Arab market in Gaza.



Tel Aviv ophthalmologist checks Bedouin's eyes.





Israelis at Massada for commemorative ceremony.

Tractor skirts old gun at farm on the Golan Heights.





Shelled hospital on Egyptian side of the Suez Canal seen through barbed wire along the Israeli border.

Cheerful girl inductees burst into song after a class at Israeli army training camp north of Tel Aviv.



boats, tanks and Mirage fighters. There is also the Israeli nuclear capability, shrouded in secrecy. It is generally believed that if the Israelis do not have nuclear weapons, they have the capacity to produce them on short notice.

Native Israelis take almost as much delight as the tourists do in the contrasts and paradoxes of their extraordinary homeland. Lod was a fortified city in the days of Joshua; its motto is taken from the prophet Jeremiah: "Thy children shall come again to their own border." At the site of this ancient citadel, giant jetliners today disgorge joyous refugees from the Soviet Union, the source of the latest aliyah. Horse-drawn carts rattle through the streets of nearby Ramla, while Phantom and Skyhawk jets scream overhead. Beneath the Qumran caves, where the Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered, picnickers romp along the shores of the Dead Sea. In Rehovoth, a sleepy little town founded by Polish Jews in 1890, the mysteries of life and death (not to mention the technicalities of heavy water) are probed by scientists at the Weizmann Institute, a research center that is among the world's best.

"If you ask me about our achievements," says Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, "I will tell you about the university in Beersheba. Do you know what

Beersheba was 25 years ago? A couple of huts and some Arab Bedouins. The best place in the world to get murdered. There's a university there now, and that's achievement." With understandable hyperbole he adds, "All our life is a permanent revolution."

Israel's unique history has somehow imbued its citizens with the notion that there is practically nothing they cannot do, from flying supersonic jets to making gardens bloom in sandy deserts. Visitors to the country are constantly prompted to remember Israel's proud past. Let no one forget, the Israeli seems to say, the incredible war of 1948 in which the forces of one tiny nation defeated six invading Arab armies. Let no one forget the Six-Day War, when the Egyptians literally abandoned their shoes as they tried to get back across the Suez Canal, leaving their armored corps in a smoldering heap in the Milla Pass. Let no one forget the "War of Attrition," including that memorable day in 1970 when the Israelis trapped Soviet MIGs just north of Cairo in a pincer of Phantoms and Skyhawks and shot down five of the Russian-piloted aircraft. Many of these stunning achievements were made possible, to be sure, by a steady flow of funds from the U.S. (\$9 billion in public and private aid of all kinds since 1948), but through their

courage and resourcefulness the Israelis have made the deeds their own.

Along with their remarkable self-confidence goes an abiding and rather awesome sense of perseverance. The Israelis protested loudly when France reneged on a promise to sell them 50 Mirage jets—and ended up stealing the plans and building the planes themselves. For years, children in kibbutzim near the Golan Heights were put to bed every night in bomb shelters; in the end, Israel stormed those seemingly unassailable enemy positions and sent the Syrians scuttling toward Damascus. The Israelis persevere manfully with the Hebrew language, despite the fact that

HUBERT LEONARD—UPI



ISRAELIS GUARDING ARAB PRISONERS (1967)

raeli-occupied territories. Amid disagreement over timing and extent of the withdrawal, Israel refuses to move.

1968. Egypt begins artillery and air War of Attrition across the Suez Canal, to wear down Israeli occupiers. Israel starts building first settlements in occupied territories.

DEC. 28, 1968. Israelis retaliate for a terrorist attack on an El Al plane in Athens by bombing and strafing Beirut airport; 13 planes are destroyed.

FEB. 1969. Premier Eshkol dies, and is succeeded by Golda Meir.

AUG. 7, 1970. Ninety-day standoff cease-fire negotiated by U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers begins along Suez Canal, later is renewed twice, then continued indefinitely.

SEPT. 5, 1972. Black September terrorists kill eleven Israeli athletes at Munich XX Olympiad.

FEB. 21, 1973. Israelis raid Arab refugee camps in northern Lebanon and shoot down a Libyan airliner over Sinai, killing 107 on board.

APRIL 10, 1973. Israeli commandos, in a raid on Beirut, kill three Palestinian guerrilla leaders.

Chronology of Trial, Triumph and Terror

1878. Founding of *Petach Tikva* (Gate of Hope), a pioneer village of Jewish immigrants from Russia.

1882. First *Aliyah* (wave of immigration) of Jews from Russia and East Europe to Palestine begins.

1897. In Basel, Switzerland, the World Zionist Congress elects Theodore Herzl as president and declares its aim: "to create for Jewish people a home in Palestine."

1904-14. Second *Aliyah* increases Jewish population to 85,000.

1917. Balfour Declaration by British government "favors the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people" as long as no harm is done to "non-Jewish communities" there, including 600,000 Arabs.

1920. Palestine placed under British mandate; Arabs riot in protest against surging Jewish immigration.

1926-29. A six-month general strike by Palestinian Arabs is followed by full-scale nationalist rebellion against British authority and Jewish settlers; the revolt is ended by a White Paper restricting Jewish immigration.

NOV. 29, 1947. United Nations General Assembly adopts plan to partition Palestine into separate Arab and Jewish states.

MAY 14, 1948. David Ben-Gurion formally proclaims the state of Israel. Next day six Arab armies invade the new na-

tion, but within weeks are defeated by the Jews on every front. All but 160,000 of the 750,000 Palestinian Arabs flee the fighting to neighboring states.

1950. Law of the Return gives every Jew anywhere the right to Israeli citizenship; the last great wave of immigration is climaxed by a massive airlift of 47,000 Yemenite Jews.

1956. Egypt nationalizes the Suez Canal, and Israeli armies, under secret pact with Britain and France, invade the Sinai peninsula.

1957. Despite the threat of U.S. sanctions, Israel delays its withdrawal of troops from the Sinai until a U.N. force is established as a peace-keeping buffer along the Sinai frontier.

1963. David Ben-Gurion, Premier and Defense Minister for most of Israel's first 15 years, resigns and is succeeded by Levi Eshkol.

MAY 1967. At the demand of Gamal Abdel Nasser, the U.N. force withdraws from the Sinai, and Egypt moves in massive armored forces.

JUNE 5-10, 1967. Israel, fearing an Arab attack, decides to strike first. After the Egyptian air force is destroyed on the ground, Israel's armed forces defeat Arab armies in the Six-Day War.

NOV. 22, 1967. A U.N. Security Council Resolution calls for a permanent peace settlement, including recognition of Israel's sovereignty and return of Is-

THE WORLD

almost every conversation is punctuated with shrill cries of "Mai? Mai?" (What? What?) because so many people are still amateur at it.

And yet, behind the beauty and bravado of Israeli life today, there lies an array of bewilderingly complex domestic problems. The "miracle in the desert" has been transformed into a highly urbanized society; 85% of the Israelis now live in the nation's four largest cities, while only 4% still live in the kibbutzim. Zionist Writer Ze'ev Jabotinsky remarked in the 1920s: "We won't really be a country until we have Jewish policemen and Jewish prostitutes." Today Israel has both.

On some days, downtown Tel Aviv has more smog than Los Angeles. The water in the Sea of Galilee grows murk-

000 Sephardic Jews, who emigrated from North Africa and the Middle East, live in relative hardship compared with the Ashkenazic Jews of European origin.

"The problem comes," says Sociologist Chaim Adler, "when the child from the 'Oriental' family looks at his peer. The two serve together in the army as equals. But then one goes to work, while the other goes to the university. The son from the uncultured home forgets that his family used to live in a tent and now lives securely in an apartment. He only sees the son of the cultured home who is living three times better than he, and he wants the same."

The extent of the poverty problem was first brought to public attention in 1971, much to the government's embar-

ed countrymen in both matters of law and face-to-face encounters. Regardless of whether or not he is a believer, in matters of birth, marriage, death or divorce, an Israeli Jew is totally subject to the rulings of rabbinical courts. In the Mea Shearim quarter of Jerusalem, home of many ultra-Orthodox Jews, young men wearing dark frock coats and prayer curls regularly hurl stones at buses that tour the sector on the Sabbath, violating what they consider to be the law of God.

Many Israelis object to the strong influence of orthodoxy on the country's laws and mores. "After 25 years," says Archaeologist Yigael Yadin, "we have reached the point where, for a majority of our citizens, the rabbinical authority over our way of life is third in importance after defense and the economy. Most Israelis want a pluralistic system whereby those who want to be governed by religious law can voluntarily do so, and those who want secular law in matters of personal affairs can accept that."

Dilemma. If many Sephardic Jews regard themselves as second-class Israelis, it follows that the nation's 400,000 Arab citizens, though largely impassive, have reason to feel the same way. Although constantly subject to the subversive propaganda of Palestinian liberationists, they have remained, as a group, remarkably loyal to Israel. The Arabs even have a better voting record than their Jewish countrymen (85% to 82%) and occasionally volunteer for military service (though they are never drafted). Their per capita income has quintupled since 1948 (to about \$11,000), and their literacy rate has jumped from 4% to 85%; yet they remain a wholly separate and unassimilated segment of Israeli society.

At the lowest level of all are the 1,000,000 Arabs in the occupied territories. Their fate is at the very core of the Israeli dilemma today. So far, Israel has formally annexed only the 19 sq. mi. (and 70,000 inhabitants) of East Jerusalem; but the Golan Heights, Sharm el Sheikh at the tip of the Sinai Peninsula and the access road along the Gulf of Aqaba have also been annexed in everything but name. The government's strategy is to create an interlocking economy between Israel and the territories, and today 30% of the territories' labor force crosses the border every morning to work in Israel (see box page 39).

The extent of Israeli construction in the territories—44 new settlements, as well as airports, fortifications, power projects, tourist hotels and 1,000 miles of new roads—clearly indicates that the Israelis have no intention of withdrawing to the old borders. Nevertheless, the occupation has stirred up a nationwide intellectual and moral debate that has come to be known as "the War of the Jews." The "hawks" of the argument, led by Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, favor complete integration of the territories with Israel, including the build-



"ORIENTAL" JEWS STAGING DEMONSTRATION (LEFT); TRAFFIC JAM IN JERUSALEM
On some days, downtown Tel Aviv has more smog than Los Angeles.

ier by the year. Crime is on the increase there were so many bank robberies in Tel Aviv last summer that the government had to bring in a force of tough, green-bereted border police from the Gaza Strip. Traffic jams are commonplace; for this year's celebration, all roads into Jerusalem will be closed for 24 hours to avoid the customary holiday snarl.

The nation is plagued, in a sense, with the problems of both poverty and prosperity. On the one hand, the government must spend 30% of its current budget of \$4.7 billion on defense and 20% on maintaining its enormous debts—and both of these expenditures are the highest per capita in the world. At the same time, the country's overheated economy inflated the cost of living by 13% in 1972 and another 5% so far this year. Slowly but surely, a semi-socialist nation that takes economic equality for granted has developed a small class of discreet, quiet-living millionaires (2,000 at last count). Yet its 1,300-

nessment. A small group of young North African Jews organized street demonstrations to dramatize the substandard housing in which one-third of the nation's people were living. Calling themselves "Black Panthers," they complained that the Oriental Jews, who had lived in Israel for years, were as deserving of good housing as brand-new immigrants from the Soviet Union.

Most Israelis agreed. The government, which is committed to providing a dwelling for every immigrant, dutifully promised to alleviate the housing shortage by 1975. But even then, there will still be 40,000 Israeli families living three persons to a room.

The Israelis have long been known as one of the world's more fractious peoples. The Knesset is a turbulent forum for their divisions, as are their newspapers, despite official censorship of anything involving "state security." Moreover, Orthodox Jews, who represent about 25% of the population, are often pitted against their secular-mind-

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THE WORLD

ing of new cities and farm communities.

The Israeli doves oppose the integration of the 1,000,000 Arabs in the territories—either out of fear of the “demographic nightmare” that this would create, or because it would stand in the way of an eventual peace settlement. By 1998, estimates Finance Minister Sapir, Israel would have four Arabs for every five Jews. “There would no longer be a Jewish state but a binational state,” he says. “It would be a tragedy.” Sapir also argues that it would be morally wrong to rule a people without holding out to them the hope of eventual citizenship.

One of the most eloquent of Israel's super-doves is Arie Eliav, former secretary-general of the ruling Labor Party. “Yes, we have a 4,000-year claim on this land,” he says. “But the Arabs have a 1,300-year claim,” and that's long enough. The only way to defuse the situation is for the Palestinian people to be incorporated into a state of their own—either Jordan or a separate state between Jordan and Israel. He dismisses the arguments that the Arabs under Israeli control were never before so well off as a “terrible echo of our past in the Diaspora, when the Gentiles used to say the same about Jews.”

Chasm. In most of the debates over the territories, Prime Minister Golda Meir has sided with the hawks. She seems to have strong popular backing for her increasingly militant stand. A survey published last week by the Institute for Applied Social Research in Jerusalem noted that 58% of Israeli adults opposed concessions on the West Bank (v. 47% a year ago). Other findings: 96% want to keep Sharm el Sheikh and 93% the Golan Heights; 63% are prepared to give up part of the Sinai Desert in return for a peace settlement, but 66% feel that the Gaza Strip, formerly held by Egypt, is not negotiable at all.

There is another division within Israeli society that will even more profoundly influence the nation's future. Every country has a generation gap between its leadership and its younger citizens. In Israel, the gap is a veritable chasm. The ruling elite is almost entirely made up of men and women, now in their 60s and 70s, who were born in Europe. Only two members of the present 19-man Cabinet, Dayan and Deputy Premier Yigal Allon, are native-born Israelis, as are only 27 out of 120 members of the Knesset.

Today, though, the Sabras—who take their name from the sweet-centered prickly-skinned fruit that thrives in Israel's desert lands—account for half of the 2,600,000 Jewish population. More important, their attitudes, ideas and experiences differ profoundly from those of their parents who were born abroad.

Says Amnon Rubenstein, 41, a Sabra who is dean of the Tel Aviv University Law School: “For me, as for my

Modern Arabs seized Palestine from the Christian Byzantine empire in the 7th century. A.D.

“We Must Have Liberty”

Kalkilya is a Moslem community of 10,000 on the West Bank of the Jordan River, 13 miles northeast of Tel Aviv. During the Six-Day War, Israeli soldiers overran Kalkilya, destroying half the town and uprooting many of its lush, productive citrus groves. With help from Israel's government, the town has since been largely rebuilt, but it remains under what its inhabitants regard as enemy rule. TIME Jerusalem Bureau Chief William Marmon recently visited Kalkilya and sent this report.

FEW scars now remain in Kalkilya of that blistering June day in 1967 when Israel almost wiped it off the map. The old frontier is a rusting jumble of barbed wire and garbage, and the village has the same sleepy, slightly disheveled air that it had before. Men wearing the keffiyeh, the traditional black and white checkered headscarf, sit around in circles drinking muddy Turkish coffee and playing *shesh-besh* (backgammon). The muezzin of the large Moslem mosque snoozes on a straw mat, waking periodically to give the wailing call to prayer.

Nonetheless, Kalkilya's residents have undergone profound social, economic and psychological changes since 1967. Although Israeli rule has been relatively unobtrusive, the grenade-proof headquarters of the military governor and his platoon of soldiers serves as an irritating reminder that Kalkilyans do not control their own destiny.

Still, the situation is not all bad. Kalkilya's economic links with Israel have brought the community a degree of prosperity that it has never known before. Early each morning, several thousand men assemble near the marketplace and pile on to scores of buses and trucks that take them to work in Israel. There they earn up to \$17 a day in construction work and other manual-labor jobs—four or five times what they used to make in the citrus groves. So prized are the skilled Arab hands that some Jewish foremen in the nearby Israeli town of Kfar Saba pick them up in taxis to take them to work.

Later in the morning there is a surge of traffic in the other direction as shoppers from Kfar Saba and other Israeli towns pour into the Kalkilya market to buy vegetables, fruit and textiles, which cost 20% less than comparable items in Israel. One Arab merchant, when asked if he had been able to make any Israeli friends, smiled and said: “Oh yes, I have many Israeli friends. They come and buy in my shops every week.”

All this has resulted in a vastly improved standard of living for the people of Kalkilya. The town was tied into Israel's electricity grid last year after Kalkilya's old generators broke down

and there was no way to get new ones from Jordan. And laborers can now afford such luxuries as television sets and gas stoves. About the only ones who have not profited are the citrus growers, who complain that they are unable to compete with Israeli industries in the high wage market. “If we speak sharply to the workers,” complains Mustafa Hussein Nazzal, Kalkilya's Arab mayor and a prominent orchard owner, “they quit and find jobs in Israel.”

Sentiment in Kalkilya is overwhelmingly in favor of a return to Arab rule, though some people worry that Israel's economic lures may dampen the desire in time. Says one prominent Kalkilyan: “I hope those Palestinians who go to work in Israel every day remember who they are.” For the moment there seems little question of that. As one landowner puts it: “Yes, more people have work now, and the economic life is better. But economic life is not the aim of man. We must have liberty.”

Over in Kfar Saba the Israelis sense that discontent without quite knowing how to dispel it. Says Avraham Druryan, 71, a Palestinian-born Jew who speaks Arabic as well as he does Hebrew: “I have been feasted in Kalkilya and I have almost been murdered in Kalkilya. They can be our best friends and they can hate us. I know how they feel. They have never been better off—except for one thing. They live under a Jewish government. There can be no alternative to that. We Israelis must do the governing. But in my heart I am not happy about the problem.”

JEWIS & ARABS IN KALKILYA MARKET



Thoughts Before the Feast

TIME Correspondents William Marmon and Marlin Levin last week asked several Israeli leaders to reflect on their nation's past and future. A sampling of their thoughts:

ABBA EBAN, Foreign Minister

On the situation in 1948:

"We had no time to deal with expectations. We were occupied not with wondering what the state would look like 25 years from now, but whether we would be alive 24 hours from now. The obsession with survival put aside any attempt to chart a future."

On the nation's accomplishments:

"It is not normal for a people of less than 3,000,000, living in the small area we possess, to do what we have done. Our military posture, our scientific and technological achievements, our economic volume do not correspond with these dimensions."

"The first objective of Israel was to take Jewish history out of the control of external caprice and give it autonomy of its own. The biggest external impact of Israel has been on the Jewish people itself and the new belief it has inculcated in this people in their undiminished vigor and vitality."

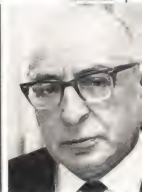
"We have also proved something about the adaptability of democratic institutions through a whole range of challenges. Our experience refutes the common theme in developing countries that in danger and crisis you have to sacrifice democracy and establish more totalitarian forms of government. We have shown that there is almost no danger, condition or peril to which a democratic structure cannot be responsive."



ABBA EBAN



EPHRAIM KATZIR



PINHAS SAPIR

On the Arab view of Israel:

"The Arabs' minds and hearts have been filled with images of Israel disappearing into the sea or being covered by the shifting sands. The Arabs have a sense of command of the desert, and they believe the sands will eventually bury everything that is not organic. To them Israel is not organic, not authentic. These images have done desperate harm to the Arabs because they don't correspond to reality. The essential reality about Israel is not its fragility, but the depth of its history in the Middle East."

PINHAS SAPIR, Finance Minister

On Israel at 50:

"I see 6,000,000 Jews here, and 1,500,000 Arabs. The standard of living will rise by 200%. The balance of payments will show a surplus. The gap between the rich and the poor will be closed. Seventy percent of our power will come from nuclear power stations, and we are going to work hard on desalination. Water is one of our greatest needs. I hope there will be peace so that we can cooperate with Lebanon in the use of the waters of the Litani River

[in southern Lebanon] for power. Today the waters go to waste into the Mediterranean. If France and Switzerland can cooperate on water power, why couldn't Lebanon and we do the same?"

EPHRAIM KATZIR, the newly elected President of Israel, a Russian-born physicist

On the years of struggle:

"There arose in Palestine and abroad men of action. They were men who knew how to wage war, how to grow tomatoes and when to fertilize fields—pragmatists all. But in the process we have largely ignored Jewish intellectuals [and spiritual leaders] and have concentrated on Jews who can give us immediate help. I am convinced that if external conditions will give us some breathing space, our pragmatic life will be tempered so that we can again concentrate our efforts on becoming a spiritually chosen people."

On the national destiny:

"We have an exceptional opportunity to show the world how to control the monster of technology and to create a model society. If we can do this in the next 25 years, the whole Zionist effort will have been worthwhile."

friends, our standing as natives of Israel crowned us with a tint of nobility. We were the first generation of the deliverance. Hebrew children who did not know what anti-Semitism was. We were tanned, cheeky and free—the diametrical opposite of the Diaspora child, who was pale, white and frightened."

Today's typical Sabra is tough, proud and seemingly unemotional. "Our children are ashamed to be ashamed," an Israeli psychoanalyst once observed. "They are afraid to be afraid." The Israeli-born Jew is also a bit weary of hearing about the sufferings of the Diaspora, if not openly scornful of the Diaspora Jew's passive acceptance of his fate.

As a group, the Sabras tend to dismiss or be uninterested in the grand vi-

sions of Zionism; yet they are zealous about the fate of their homeland. They tend to be more tolerant and respectful toward the Arabs of Israel than their parents are. In the right-wing extremist group called "Land of Israel," which would like to expel Arabs from all Israeli territory, there is said to be not a single native-born Israeli.

The Sabras worry about the Arabs, but they fear them as well. Says David Halevy, 32, a Jerusalem-born reporter for TIME who is also a captain in the army reserve: "We are troubled by what war will cause our state to become. But we Sabras are fated to be soldiers, and we will suffer spiritually from this. War—past, present and future—is a major concern to us all. In the words of a song that was popular after the Six-Day War:

"Whenever, wherever you go, it will be you and me and the next war."

In his novel, *War Is Not for Heroes*, Ehud Ben-Ezer expressed a far different emotion that also reflects the ambiguity of the Sabra attitude. Before dying in battle, Ben-Ezer's young war hero declares, "We have become slaves of the sword, not masters of it. And in order to protect ourselves against the cruelty outside, we have become narrow-minded and cruel in our own homes." Within the heart of the Sabra, it has been said, Athens and Sparta are forever at war.

A more pressing conflict must be resolved before the Sabras' dreams can be realized. "The main issue of the next few years," says Sociologist Adler, "is the question of peace and war, of our co-

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existence with our Arab neighbors." Adler poses a whole set of dilemmas that thoughtful Israelis have debated without resolving: "Should we employ Arabs in Israel? Or should we put up artificial walls, refuse to hire them and fall back on our own labor? If coexistence means using Arab labor, then what does that do to the fabric of our society? Should we not seek more ties with the Arabs, teach more of our children Arabic, set up joint economic enterprises with them? Can we, if they are hostile? If there is no war, then there must be some kind of coexistence and mutual experience. On the other hand, how will close ties with the Arabs affect the Jewishness of Israel?"

Meanwhile, the litany of savagery continues without respite: Munich, the Sinai Desert, Khartoum, Nicosia, Beirut. Who knows where terrorism, Arab or Israeli, will strike next? To the Israelis, attacks on fedayeen camps and stray assassinations of Palestinian envoys are legitimate acts of self-defense designed to convince Arab fanatics that their war of vengeance makes no sense. The Israelis' calculated campaign of attrition may or may not ultimately discourage the implacable zealots of Al-Fatah or Black September. On the other hand, there is ample proof that the most recent displays of belligerence have discouraged Arab moderates. Many feel that the Israelis are hell-bent on a course of Zionist aggression and are beginning to think that maybe the Palestinians were right all along. "Now it's hopeless," concludes the editor of one Beirut newspaper. "I don't think Israel wants peace."

Pressure. The terrible irony of the Middle Eastern tragedy is that the early Zionists actively wished peace and coexistence with their Moslem neighbors. They never wanted the Arabs to pay the price for the creation of a Jewish state. As early as 1924, for instance, David Ben-Gurion declared: "We have no right to deprive a single Arab child, even if through such deprivation we shall realize our aims." In later years, as hostility between Israeli and Palestinian heightened, Ben-Gurion was to remark: "If I were a young Arab, I might also be one of the fedayeen."

On the eve of its 25th birthday, Israel seems less and less able to believe in any compromise with the Arabs. But how long can Israel maintain its position of superiority? "For another quarter of a century, perhaps," says one top U.S. official. "But reason and the law of averages suggest that, surrounded by a huge mass of Arabs, tiny Israel will at some point lose its supremacy."

That supremacy has been in large measure ensured by the consistent support of the U.S. In recent years, the U.S. Senate has been a particularly strong backer of the Israeli cause—and last week was accused by one of its own members, William Fulbright, of being "subservient" to Israel.

Fulbright was angry that the Sen-

ate had refused to pass an Administration trade bill giving the Soviet Union most-favored-nation tariff concessions. The Senate's objections centered on the "education tax" (as much as \$30,000 per person) that Moscow has been imposing on educated Soviet Jews who emigrated to Israel. Fulbright and others did not think that the tax, an internal Soviet measure, was a legitimate U.S. concern. Nonetheless, the pressure paid off. Last week, in order to get the trade bill through the Senate, Moscow advised the U.S. that it was suspending the controversial tax.

Unswerving American support is something that Israel may not be able to count on quite so heavily, however, in the new era of energy politics. At present, oil from Arab nations accounts for 7% of U.S. imports. By 1980, it could easily climb to 50%. Last week, as a sign of the sort of pressure that the U.S. can expect in the future, Saudi Arabia's Petroleum Minister, Ahmed Yaki Yamani, flatly refused to increase his country's oil production until the U.S. changes its policy toward Israel.

The new people of Israel, like the old, are quite prepared to face a hostile world all by themselves. One factor that unites the generations is a profound

conviction—to some, perhaps, a substitute for religious faith—that their nation will survive, no matter what. Survival is the Jewish sacrament. Even the secular-minded are compelled to regard Jewish survival through millenniums of repeated exodus and holocaust as one of history's miracles. Israel is that miracle's latest and perhaps most remarkable incarnation.

Yet militancy and militarism can blur the fine edge of moral responsibility and idealism. Biblical Archaeologist Yigael Yadin, a former army Chief of Staff, concedes that one of Israel's greatest challenges is to secure the nation's spiritual imperatives while at the same time trying to preserve its physical existence. Sociologist Ferdinand Zweig puts the matter in a different way: "The contest between the mystique of violence and the mystique of redemption is the most fateful and crucial conflict on which the future of Israeli society depends."

Surrounded by hostile nations that challenged it to survive, Israel during the first 25 years had no choice but to live by and with violence. One great question of the next quarter-century is whether it will have a chance to live by and with redemption.

AP/WIDEWORLD



SURVIVING UNDERGROUND FIGHTERS BEING TAKEN TO CONCENTRATION CAMPS

A Memory of Heroes

DURING World War II, the Nazis herded more than 400,000 Polish Jews into a 3.5-sq.-mi. area of Warsaw, sealing them off from the rest of the city with a great brick wall. There, in 1943, thousands of Jews perished in a desperate 28-day uprising against the massed might of the German army. Those who survived the fight were

shipped off to concentration camps.

Last week, the Polish government commemorated the 30th anniversary of the resistance with a 25-minute wreath-laying ceremony at a massive black Monument to the Heroes of the Ghetto. Said Marek Edelman, 53, the only leader of the uprising who still lives in Poland: "We proved that a few people, hungry and poorly equipped, could resist, and that the Germans were not a superhuman force."



ALLIANCE PARTY MEMBERS CANVASSING IN CATHOLIC AREA OF BELFAST

NORTHERN IRELAND

Rise of the Moderates

"You had the Unionists with a penny in every pond and the Catholics who simply boycotted everything," declared Phyllis Kerr, a canvasser for Northern Ireland's moderate Alliance Party last week. "There just had to be a day when something came cracking down the middle." That day may finally be dawning in Ulster politics. After four years of violence, more and more people seem to be coming around to the belief that a strong political center—something that has seldom existed in Northern Ireland—could heal the wounds created by religious polarization.

Compared to the militant Catholic supporters of the Irish Republican Army, or the equally militant Protestant backers of the Ulster Defense Association, the moderates now represent a comparatively small segment of organized political opinion. But since the British government presented its White Paper (TIME, April 2), setting the ground rules for elections on June 28, two moderate parties, Alliance and Northern Ireland Labour, as well as a growing number of independent candidates, have been cooperating as never before in an all-out vote-getting campaign. Their common aim is to pick up enough seats to capture the balance of power in the expanded regional assembly that will take the place of the old Stormont Parliament.

Their chances are promising. The elections will see a change in voting procedures; candidates will no longer need a straight majority to win but will be chosen by a method of preferential choice known as "proportional representation"—a formula that should not only give the Catholic minority a stronger voice but also help the moderate minority.

"The statistics of terror are on my

side in this election," says David Bleakley, a Belfast political science professor who is running for a Labour seat in the assembly. "I will simply be saying: Have you had enough? You've killed 800, you've maimed 10,000. Surely you've made your point by now if you ever had one."

Ulstermen have never taken naturally to the political center, if only because they like a little fire and brimstone from their politicians. Moderates, like Ulster's former (1963-69) Unionist Prime Minister Terence O'Neill, too frequently seemed like moral Milquetoasts, beset by a fatal whiff of goodness. Now one encouraging sign is that both the Alliance and Labour parties have almost equal backing from Catholics and Protestants. Recent Alliance recruits include a number of Ulster's senior political figures, among them Sir Robert Porter, former Minister of Home Affairs, three mayors, five Senators and 70 local councillors. "I came over," explains Senator Millar Cameron, a longtime stalwart of the Protestant-dominated Unionist Party, "partly because I profoundly believe they are doing the right thing for Northern Ireland, partly because it involves the future of my grandchildren and partly because it involves the future of Senator Millar Cameron."

There is another, and rather more characteristic sign that the moderate parties are having some success in Ulster: their members have become targets of extremist violence. While canvassing in Belfast's Andersonstown, an 18-year-old Alliance Party worker was stopped by I.R.A. gunmen, who shot off his kneecaps. A number of other Alliance canvassers—who generally work in ecumenical teams, one Catholic, one Protestant—have been beaten or threatened by extremists on both sides. Under U.D.A. pressure, Alliance Leader Oliver Napier, 37, a Catholic, was forced to move his family from their home in

East Belfast. "Six months ago, the terrorists wouldn't have appeared because they didn't think we were a threat," says Robin Glendinning, a Protestant schoolteacher and organizer for Alliance. "Now they are turning on the screw."

The moderate parties have capable leaders in men like Napier and Bob Cooper, 36, Protestant general secretary of Alliance. But they have no spokesman who can match the charisma of William ("King Billy") Craig, dour chief of the extremist Protestant Ulster Vanguard. Moreover, they have no clear-cut policies other than a shared belief in keeping the peace. Nonetheless, many political experts predict that Alliance and Labour could capture 15 to 20 of the 78 Assembly seats, enough to establish a buffer zone between the Protestant Unionists and the Catholic Social Democratic Labour Party and their respective splinter factions. "That at least," says Napier, "would enable us to act in a positive negative way by preventing anything nasty from getting through."

BRITAIN

Bloody Monday

Britain's ultraconservative Monday Club is not really to the right of Gen. Sir Keith Joseph. On the other hand, it is not too far to the left either. The loud and unmistakable voice of British reaction, the club was organized in 1961 as a Monday luncheon klatch by a small group of Tory bloodlovers who were upset by the changes they felt were sweeping through Harold Macmillan's government. Today the group is chaired by Merchant Banker Jonathan Guinness, 43, member of the famed brewing family and a stepson of Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of Britain's fascists in the 1930s. Monday Clubbers in 30 chapters throughout Britain are now actively engaged in trying to beat back all sorts of permissive schemes and to return the land to the old ways of imperial certitude.

Monday Club opinions at their most outrageous were clearly heard during a recent, unsuccessful parliamentary campaign to restore capital punishment in Britain. By way of soothing those who might think the gallows cruel, Guinness proposed a more creative method of disposing of the condemned: give them razor blades in the hope that they would not use them merely to shave. Alternatively, he suggested dispensing anesthetic pills, to be followed by old-fashioned beheading. Never a man to shrink his public duty, Guinness even offered to wield the ax himself.

The Guinness prescription was, of course, clearly put forward more to provoke public outcry than as a concrete proposal. At the same time, it understandably put a wistful thought into the minds of the moderate Tory establish-

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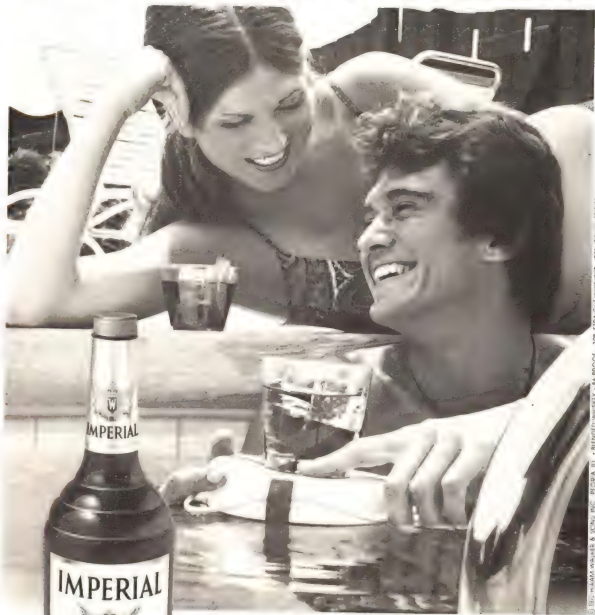
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CLUB CHAIRMAN JONATHAN GUINNESS
Let them use razor blades.

ment: Wouldn't it be nice if the Monday Club could somehow be disposed of with equally quick and painless dispatch? The club, however, shows no signs of going away. As a party within a party and a kind of Loyal Opposition of the right, it represents a genuine strain of conservative opinion, with the active support, nationwide, of at least 7,000 zealots.

In trying to fulfill their self-assigned task of "arousing the nation," Monday Clubbers have, among other causes, protested the dropping of *Rule, Britannia* from BBC concerts in London's Royal Albert Hall and ardently supported the loyalists of Ulster. But the club's warmest concerns have been to rally support for Ian Smith's breakaway white-supremacist regime in Rhodesia and to argue against immigration of black and Asian to Britain from Commonwealth countries.

When the Tories came to power in 1970, the club found itself with 35 M.P.s—double its previous parliamentary representation—plus 33 peers in the House of Lords. Nonetheless the Monday Club has become Wednesday's child, full of woe. The size of the Conservative victory meant that moderate Tories no longer needed to woo clubbers for support. More recently the Monday Club has been torn by internal rebellion: there is some evidence that members of Britain's small, neo-fascist National Front are moving to take over some of the club's branches.

Complicating the club's problems still further is the fact that its leader is being challenged for, of all things, not being far right enough. The man who yearns to succeed Guinness is another merchant banker, George Young, 61, a former deputy director of MI6, the British Secret Intelligence Service. Where Young says emphatically that "for me

Ulster is as much a part of Britain as Birmingham," Guinness is more open to compromise. And the blacks? Guinness wants voluntary repatriation. Young says they should all be deported forthwith.

Club elections are coming up at the end of this month; both Guinness and Young claim enough support for victory. One thing is certain. Whoever wins will lead a shaken and perhaps changed organization, which even its kinder critics call the "Yesterday Club."

Help for the Helpers

The eleven-year-old thalidomide war (TIME, Jan. 22) may finally be over. This month the giant Distillers Co. Ltd. made a new offer of more than \$50 million in compensation to the parents of the 398 British children who were born deformed after their mothers took the tranquilizer. The parents are expected to accept the settlement—one of the largest multipayoffs in medical history.

Distillers, which marketed thalidomide in Britain through a pharmaceutical subsidiary until 1961, has agreed to pay \$12,500 to each set of parents in consideration of their suffering and expenses. A lump sum of \$15 million will be distributed to 340 of the children who were not part of a 1968 settlement involving 58 children. In addition, \$35 million will be paid into a charitable trust for all the children in seven yearly installments of \$5,000,000. As a protection against possible erosion by inflation, there is an escalation clause that could increase each payment by 10%. To the individual child, the proposed settlement will be worth between \$250,000 and \$375,000. The amount of payment will be determined by the extent of physical disability, which will be assessed by a panel of medical experts appointed by the Royal College of Surgeons.

The improved settlement proposal (Distillers had initially offered \$6,000,000) was a personal victory for David Mason, a London art dealer whose ten-year-old daughter was born crippled because of the drug. Mason had to contend with not only Distillers but scores of other angry thalidomide parents who wanted to take the company's earlier offers. As a result of his holding out for a larger settlement, Mason received abusive phone calls, bomb threats, and was even punched while walking in London. The new offer by Distillers was also a triumph for the London *Sunday Times*, which risked a contempt of court citation to publicize the parents' dilemma.

Distillers will hardly be bled by the payments, which for tax purposes can be subtracted from its gross profits—an income that last year amounted to some \$150 million. Britain's corporate-tax rate (50%) will automatically halve the company's net payout, and tax concessions for the establishment of the trust fund will reduce the sum even more.

BRAZIL

No Nudes Is...

Brazil's prim, puritanical military government, which last January banned certain erotic drawings by Pablo Picasso as obscene, has moved ahead with its campaign to keep the country pure and clean. In a tough new press-censorship decree, it banned 60 foreign and domestic magazines—including *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Lui* and, curiously, the German newsmagazine *Der Spiegel*—because they offended "morality and proper behavior" by exploiting erotic themes. The decree also provided that all magazines circulating in Brazil must henceforth submit copies to police censors to determine whether they conform to government standards. If the journals are not approved, the distribution of all future issues will be held up for inspection by the smut hounds.

The new law comes on the heels of a general crackdown on political comment within Brazil. Two weeks ago, police stopped the presses of *Opinião*, a liberal magazine that has frequently been critical of the military rulers. Censors have also been assigned to monitor the operations of newspapers that dared to defy the government's ban on speculation about the presidential succession. Considering the fact that nude maidens on Rio's beaches regularly display almost as much epidermis as do *Penthouse* pets, many Brazilians thought the campaign against girlie magazines a bit quixotic. What was the purpose? An inquisitive reporter asked a police spokesman. His straight-faced answer: "The artistic nude is going to be abolished."

GIRLS WALKING ON RIO BEACH





GITTELSON ACTS THE BOSS



TRUDEAU BEATS THE BAND

About 1,200 Canadian Liberal Party workers and their wives went wild for the drummer who sat in with the Renaissance rock group at Ottawa's Château Laurier hotel. Flailing away at the snares, Prime Minister **Pierre Elliott Trudeau** managed to make his own music. Said Jean-Guy Morin, the regular Renaissance drummer, "His left hand wasn't all that good, but then his right hand wasn't much either." After Trudeau had returned to the dance floor, Morin had another thought: "Maybe if I practice, I could be Prime Minister."

Mayor of Chicago **Richard J. Daley** is the stuff political cartoons are made of—and books like *Box*, by Chicago



SINATRA LIVES IT UP WITH FRIENDS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Daily News Columnist **Mike Royko**. When she saw the book for sale, the mayor's wife, "Sis," was so incensed she got one chain of Chicago supermarkets to remove it from its shelves. It was soon put back, however, and it has now been made into a musical that will open in Chicago's suburban Forum Theater next month. Hizzoner is played by Larry Gittelson, who, when he isn't acting,

works as a floriculturist with the Chicago Park District. How long he will have the city job may be a question. During rehearsals, his home phone is answered by a taped message: "This is Richard J. Daley, de king—uh—de boss—de mare of Chicago. This call is being handled by my Democratic—uh—automatic machine. Everything in Chicago is handled by my automatic machine."

Lady Bird Johnson was back in Washington, D.C., for the first time since her husband lay in state there three months ago. At the National Portrait Gallery, she unveiled a bronze bust of **Sam Rayburn**, the Speaker of the House for 17 years.

"Lyndon always loved to think of himself as one of the 'Speaker's boys,'" she said. In Manhattan, Mrs. Johnson was greeted with a standing ovation by the audience of *Irene*, the same heavily sugared musical that got an enthusiastic minor review by Theatergoer **Richard Nixon**.

All mellow and moist-eyed, **Frank Sinatra** had finally made it. The Kennedys may have snubbed him because of his underworld connections. **Richard Nixon** may have regretted his lack of gallantry with Columnist **Maxine Cheshire**. But now all was forgiven. Then Frank was in the White House, singing ten of his old favorites for visiting Italian Premier **Giulio Andreotti**. The Pres-

ident himself led the standing ovation after *Of Man River* and called his visiting star "the Washington Monument of entertainment." Afterward, Sinatra went back to his newly rented Washington town house and gave a party for a few friends, including **Spire Agnew**. Hanging over the saloon-sized bar was a plaque with the proverb: "Living well is the best revenge."

Visiting Actress-Activist **Shirley MacLaine** was being called "Silly Sister" by her Hong Kong movie fans because they thought she had a silly looking face. There was nothing silly about her trip. Along with eleven other American women, whom she had been allowed to hand pick (she chose a representative group including a Puerto Rican, a Navajo Indian, a black civil rights worker, a George Wallace convention delegate and a twelve-year-old girl), Shirley was on her way to China to visit **Mme. Sun Yat-sen**, **Teng Ying-chao**, wife of **Chou En-lai** and **Chiang Ching**, wife of **Mao Tse-tung**. Shirley also hoped to "discuss with Mao and Chou how they have managed to stay revolutionary at such an elderly age." As for Chou, "We've all decided that he's the sexiest man in the world."

In press interviews and excerpts from her autobiography in Oslo's *Aftenposten*, actress **Liv Ullmann** proves herself a perceptive critic of American men. **Henry Kissinger**: "Next to **Ingmar Bergman**, he is the most interesting man I have ever met. He is surrounded by a fascinating aura, a strange field of light, and catches you in some kind of invisible net." **George McGovern**: When he talks, "the words just keep coming and coming as if he hopes that a little life and truth will sneak through." **Senator Ted Kennedy**: "Has red and tired eyes. He has short, nervous laughter, sounds like a horse. Ted is constantly searching and searching—all night long. He walks from group to group with a glass in his hand and looks terribly lonesome."

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OFFSHORE OIL PRODUCTION PLATFORM, CONNECTED TO SEVERAL WELLS, IN OPERATION IN GULF OF MEXICO

ENVIRONMENT

At Last, The Energy Message

The speech took six months to prepare. Its content was so important and complex that key Administration officials including Foreign Affairs Adviser Henry Kissinger, Environmental Protection Agency Administrator William Ruckelshaus and Treasury Secretary George Shultz spent long hours contributing their expertise to it. Despite all the time and talent expended, however, President Nixon's special message on energy was somewhat disappointing. For a nation that has only 6% of the world's population, yet consumes one-third of the global energy production, it simply did not go far enough.

Critics in Congress and elsewhere lost no time in pointing out the glaring deficiencies in the message, especially in the areas of research and development and conservation of energy. But they also recognized that at a time when the nation was undergoing shortages of gasoline and fuel oil, Nixon's actions and recommendations would help alleviate the growing energy crisis.

Challenge. As a first step, the President scrapped the 14-year-old oil quota system, which sets periodic limits and tariffs on oil imports. That system had worked when the U.S. produced more oil than it consumed; its purpose was to protect the high-cost domestic industry from low-cost foreign imports. But since 1970, when the nation's growing energy needs turned it into a net oil importer (the U.S. currently is importing an estimated 6,000,000 bbl. per day), the quota system has proved to be unwieldy, inflexible and a hindrance to oil-industry planners, who could never be certain of future foreign supplies. For example, uncertainty over supplies of

crude oil from abroad has been a prime reason that the industry has not built enough new refineries at home. This lack of capacity is largely responsible for the present fuel-oil and gasoline shortages. Now, with the quota system abolished, there will be no quantitative restrictions on the inflow of foreign oil.

In addition, the President set up a new system of fees—to be paid by importers—that keeps foreign oil prices above U.S. levels and thus favors domestic industry. That should encourage the U.S. oil industry to explore for new sources of domestic oil and prevent the nation from becoming dangerously dependent on foreign supplies. Because the fees are higher for refined products than for crude, the system also provides an incentive for American oil companies to build new refining facilities at home. As an added incentive, companies that build and expand refineries will be allowed to import up to 75% of the capacity of their new facilities for five years without paying fees.

To make more domestic oil and natural gas available, Nixon ordered the Interior Department to triple by 1979 the amount of offshore acreage annually leased by the Federal Government to oil companies. The order will encourage further exploitation of the U.S.'s rich reserves on the continental shelf with new and environmentally safe techniques. Administration experts estimate that the additional offshore drilling alone could raise oil production by 1.5 billion bbl. a year (or 16% of projected demand in 1985) and gas production by 5 trillion cu. ft. (20% of demand).

All of these policies were put into effect with a stroke of the presidential pen. But many other recommendations in Nixon's energy message depend on congressional action. Most important is a measure that strikes at the root cause

of present natural-gas shortages—the regulatory system. Federal regulation has artificially held down gas prices, thereby increasing demand while decreasing incentives for exploration for new reserves. Nixon proposes to remove all "new" natural gas from those price ceilings.

The President would decontrol not only gas from newly drilled wells, but also any gas from established wells that is newly diverted into interstate commerce. In addition, gas from fields in which long-term contracts have expired would be exempt from controls. The effect, Administration experts say, would be to spur more exploration, without significantly increasing the gas prices. They explain that the price of deregulated gas at the wellhead (which is only 10% to 20% of delivered cost) will be averaged in with regulated gas, resulting in minor price increases.

In other proposals, the President urged Congress to:

- ▶ Encourage more exploration by giving oil and gas companies an investment credit of 7% for wells that prove to be dry and 12% for productive wells. (The oil depletion allowance remains unchanged at 22%.)

- ▶ Clear the way for a quick start to construction of the Alaska pipeline.

- ▶ Define the environmental rules for strip-mining so that more coal can be produced.

- ▶ Streamline the licensing procedures for nuclear power plants, which now can be delayed for years in hearings and in court before getting built or going into operation.

- ▶ Allow the Interior Secretary to issue licenses for construction of huge offshore ports for supertankers that draw too much water to put in at existing U.S. ports.

Though these recommendations aim to expand energy supplies quickly, there is some doubt whether Congress will approve them all. The consumer-oriented Senate Commerce Committee

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ENVIRONMENT

seems likely to resist the proposal to de-regulate new natural gas, for example, because the measure may well cause gas prices to soar—despite Administration arguments. The recommendation to build offshore ports will provoke the opposition of legislators and Governors from East Coast states, who fear that oil spills will ruin their shorelines and wetlands.

But the real trouble with Nixon's message is that it concentrates on only the supply side of the problem; it is highly unlikely that energy needs can be met solely by trying to keep pace with skyrocketing demand. There must also be a forceful attempt to curb that demand. But instead of proposing legislation to that end—e.g., a horsepower tax on cars with larger engines that consume more gasoline—President Nixon called for energy conservation on a "voluntary basis," merely asking consumers to turn off unnecessary lights and to buy efficient appliances. In the end, Nixon said, higher energy prices will force conservation.

Even more shortsighted is the President's research and development program. If a crash effort costing perhaps \$2 billion a year is not undertaken to make the U.S. self-sufficient in fuels—especially through liquefying or gasifying coal—the nation may well find itself either burning more polluting fuels (with higher sulfur content, for example) or becoming heavily dependent on Middle Eastern oil in the not-distant future. Yet Nixon boosted the energy R. and D. budget by only 20% over the 1973 level of about \$770 million. Furthermore, Treasury Secretary Shultz says that the Administration will spend the funds when it appears they can be effectively used and that it will not just "throw money" at problems.

Critics. Senator Henry M. Jackson, for one, was not reassured. The message, he said, "lacks the sense of urgency and the sense of national commitment I believe are necessary to deal with the energy crisis." The underlying premise "that we will have continued and uninterrupted access to foreign sources of supply," Jackson feels, is unjustified. S. David Freeman, director of a Ford Foundation study of energy problems, praised the end of the import quotas but found other flaws in the message: the President did not sufficiently explore foreign policy implications, the possibility of oil stockpiling or even the current shortage of gasoline. Says Freeman: "There's not much to sink your teeth into."

Still, the message does highlight some key energy problems, and the Administration is confident that it is a major step in the right direction. In fact, Shultz thinks of it as an interim report, implying that it will be followed with later Executive actions. Others in Washington seemed more than willing to help. At week's end Congress was preparing several bills of its own to deal with the growing energy crisis.



William the Conqueror. In 1066, this illegitimate son of a Norman Duke invaded England and seized the throne, and then built the Tower of London and all castles to protect himself from his subjects.



Henry VIII. The second of his six wives, laughed when he sentenced her to be beheaded in the Tower along with her five alleged lovers. She couldn't believe he was serious. He was.



Charles I. He killed his children, gambled, forgave his executioner, and tanked his long hair up under his cap so it would not deflect the axe. Cromwell called his death "a truth necessary."

Come, walk with Kings.

Come, walk with Kings and let the ancient gates of London's Tower creak shut behind you.

Walk with King Edward III as he sallies forth from the Tower cell where he's been locked up for years. He has vowed to avenge the murder of his father and to seize the kingdom from his mother and her lover.

Wasting little time, Edward threw his mother into a dungeon and tossed away the key. Then he had her lover beheaded.

Walk with the boy-king, Richard II. Stand fast with him as he faces an army of 100,000 rebels on Tower Hill and refuses to surrender his jeweled sword to their leader, Wat Tyler.

Tyler was executed on the spot. Then Richard rode forth, alone, into the howling mob and, in a child's voice, commanded the rebels to go home. And they did.

Walk with King Henry VI, a gentle and retiring man who doesn't even want to be King. He is caught in a power struggle between his headstrong son and the sensual, violent Duke of York.

Arrested by the Duke's men, Henry was brought as a prisoner to the Tower with his golden spurs struck off and his feet bound under his horse by leather thongs. When his son was killed in battle and only he stood between the Duke and the throne, Henry was murdered in his cell as he knelt, praying.

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Thirteen rules Nature laid down for renewing America's major renewable resource.



① The first thing to know in Montana is what slope you're on. If it's the North slope plant Douglas fir or larch. On the South, ponderosa. If you do the opposite, you'll have trouble.

② What's the elevation? Seeds from trees that grow at 5000 feet won't grow well at 1000 feet. And vice versa.

③ Nature gave seeds wings. But if you want to place them accurately from a helicopter, take off their wings. Otherwise they'll float where you don't want them.

④ Seeds on bare soil are very vulnerable to birds. So color them an unappealing color. Like blumgreen colorizer.

⑤ A good bag to seed is to leave the very best trees standing and let them do it for you. Leave one about every 50 feet or so.

⑥ You can plant seedlings by hand. But a heep to give them, glade Rocks, will do it. If they're on the South side of the seedling.

Trees grow

This may seem like an obvious fact. But much of the criticism of the forest products industry seems to forget it.

Sure we harvest trees. But we also re-plant them. Because the forest is America's major renewable resource. So we'd be unwise not to renew it. We'd be out of business.

Of course people are justified in worrying about the problem. Because there are places in the world that were once very heavily wooded but now are barren deserts. Simply because no attempt was made to replace the trees that were taken out.

Now the top soil is gone. And with it almost all possibilities of reforestation.

Modern forestry, on the other hand, has learned this lesson And began doing something about it some 70 years ago.

But even in replacing trees, Nature makes certain specific demands on us. Different ones for each locality around the country. The picture illustrates the things we have to keep in mind in perpetuating our Montana forests. A small part of the 7.8 million acres we take care of.

All in all we've found that man can enjoy the bounties of Nature indefinitely if he follows the age-old rules Nature laid down.

Nature will cooperate with man
if man learns to cooperate with Nature.



... because the subject
... is not a subject. It is a
... subject. It is a subject.
... subject. It is a subject.

As the number of nodes in the network increases, the number of links also increases. This is because each node is connected to its neighbors, and the number of neighbors increases as the number of nodes increases. This is a characteristic of a network with a high degree of connectivity.

The same theory is
applied to culture
time, and the result
that culture is not
a result of the
the world, but the
and not the other way.

● **Seeds** must have
bitter-tasting **glyco-
sides** (not in garden
variety) and **green** (from
the stems). For safety,
enteric-coated, or better
the whole seed.

...Gather your own
...from the...
...and...
...of...
...of...
...of...
...of...
...of...

After visiting and talking to a group of local fishermen, we then traveled to the town of Maricao. It was a quiet little town, mostly of people from the city. It is a good fishing spot and has a small boat harbor.

[illegible]

Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's whiskey.

People come here to walk the streets of the oldest city in America. St. Augustine, the city born out of Ponce de Leon's fruitless search for the Fountain of Youth. And once they're here people welcome the unique light taste of 7 Crown. Fact is Americans everywhere enjoy 7 Crown more than the leading Scotch and Canadian combined.

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Hazardous Encounters

At 24, Steve had a long record of success. Unusually enterprising, he was already making money at the age of 13 by importing and selling Japanese toys at Christmas time. He had done well in college and also in business, so well that he used to spend \$300 for his suits and could quit work and go to California with \$25,000 in ready money. While there, he decided to experiment with encounter groups at Esalen and soon became absorbed in the movement full time. He went into the "millionaires' group" where they had parties and burned \$50 bills as part of their therapy. He later became a group leader, built a cabin in the mountains near by, took occasional acid trips, and wrote in his diary "This is such a weird place. Somehow I'm still not dead, although for the first time in my life I've begun to look carefully at the possibility." On Feb. 9, 1971, in a craft shop on the grounds at Esalen, Steve picked up a Hawes .357 Magnum revolver and killed himself.

Steve's story, recounted in a new book, *The Encounter Game* (Stein & Day; \$7.95), is one piece of the evidence assembled by Manhattan Psychotherapist Bruce Maliver to make a case against the human potentials movement (TIME, Nov. 9, 1970). Maliver, who has degrees in psychology from Yeshiva University, blames Steve's death largely on his experiences at Esalen, although he admits that the man had problems and took drugs before he went there. Arrested for possession of marijuana and chemicals for LSD, for example, Steve had spent a few days in jail.

Whether or not it is fair to blame Steve's suicide (and the six others that Maliver mentions) on encounter groups, Maliver makes a reasonably strong case that the movement often promotes "the artificial, the shoddy and the absurd" as if they were significant and holds out the "false promise of psychological nirvana." Considerable support for Maliver's view (framed in more temperate language) is to be found in *Encounter Groups: First Facts* (Basic Books; \$15), written for professional readers by University of Chicago Psychologist Morton Lieberman, Stanford University Psychiatrist Irvin Yalom and State University of New York Psychologist Matthew Miles. After systematically evaluating more than a dozen varieties of encounter groups, the three scientists found that a third of the participants gained nothing, while another third reaped "negative outcomes" and in some cases sustained "significant psychological injury."

However, Lieberman, Yalom and Miles also report that a third of their subjects showed "short-run positive

changes." Although the researchers believe that encounter groups sometimes offer "momentary relief from alienation," they warn that the groups can be dangerous and that their "danger is not counter-balanced by high gain."

Maliver himself admits that "there seem to be clear-cut positive effects for some participants." But he believes that "the encounter house" is badly in need of a cleanup. Although the growth centers where encounter flourishes often insist that their aim is not to treat emotional disturbances but to enrich life for normal men and women, the groups in

"as much as \$12,000 each week." "Name any psychiatric symptom," Maliver writes, "and Casriel will tell you how long it will take him to eradicate it." According to Maliver, Casriel promises patients "an accelerated re-education of your ABCs." A= affect-feelings-emotions. B= behavior-act-actions. C= cognition-attitudes-thoughts.

His approach, similar to Arthur Janov's "primal scream" therapy, is to teach members of his groups "to grab hold of a feeling—any feeling—and express it in a series of yells, screams and moans which increase in volume to almost unbearable intensity." Overwrought, the patient is then soothed by the rest of his group, as well as by Casriel, if he is present, or by one of the ex-



ENCOUNTER GROUP IN ACTION AT ESALEN INSTITUTE, BIG SUR, CALIF.
"The artificial, the shoddy and the absurd."

fact attract many people in need of therapy. Nevertheless, there is rarely any screening to keep out those most likely to be harmed when buried problems surface.

Even more dangerous is the fact that most leaders, Maliver says, are either amateurs whose only "training" was their own participation in groups, or "marginally trained" professionals such as psychologists who dropped out of graduate school. These leaders are ill-equipped to deal with serious emotional problems, take no responsibility for what they do, and are unwilling to let trained investigators take a close look at their results. Their methods, moreover, tend to be either useless absurdities or destructive assaults on the often fragile psyches of encounter enthusiasts—or victims.

Among the offending leaders, Maliver cites Manhattan's Dr. Daniel Casriel, a physician who, says Maliver, admits that he was dismissed from his analytic institute and appears to make

patients who run most of Casriel's groups. No effort is made to understand the emotions that have so painfully—and dangerously—been aroused.

Casriel's technique is one version of what Maliver calls "psychological karate," an approach that precipitously strips away emotional defenses "in the naive view that by recognizing their pathological sides, people will automatically become healthy." In fact, without the careful preparatory steps taken in professional psychotherapy, such recognition can cause serious psychological damage. The effect is similar to that in encounter groups where participants are psychologically assaulted under the guise of "openness" or "honesty."

Summing up his own view of encounter, Maliver cites a position paper issued by the American Group Psychotherapy Association. Its key statement: "A much lower incidence of adverse side effects produced by a drug would cause its immediate withdrawal from the marketplace by federal authorities."

Assaying the Defense

At a recent Hollywood benefit for Pentagon-papers Defendants Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo, even the invited luminaries paid \$125 each to get in, and Barbra Streisand agreed to sing to anyone over the phone for \$3,000 a song. The resulting \$50,000 haul was impressive, but the money quickly evaporated. Ellsberg and Russo are finding out that while the price of liberty may be eternal vigilance, the cost of justice can be astronomical. Their trial, which is now nearing an end, will have cost the defense between \$900,000 and \$1,000,000; the

with 15 legal helpers to assess what has happened and where to go next. The session usually lasts well past the dinner hour.

With it all, monthly tabs mount. At \$1.50 a page, transcript costs alone (paid to the court reporter) run \$8,000 to \$9,000. (To date, there have been 20,000 pages of transcript in the 15-week trial.) The phones cost \$5,000. The Xerox machine another \$5,000; Ellsberg wryly notes that it is much more efficient than the one he used originally. Salaries are another \$10,000 a month—ranging from \$50 a week to some law students to \$185 for the highest-paid non-lawyer. The five attorneys will divide a total fee of just over \$100,000. Monthly rent for the offices and staff sleeping quarters, a collection of seven apartments, is \$4,000. The defense is housing seven persons, including the lawyers, who are all from the East Coast. Ellsberg pays for his own apartment and the impoverished Russo has his rent paid by an anonymous donor.

Then there are the extraordinary costs. Many of the 30 defense witnesses have had to be flown to Los Angeles and housed, some of them two or three times (including M.I.T.'s Noam Chomsky and Ford Foundation President McGeorge Bundy) because courtroom delays pushed back their testimony. Though some pay their own way, as Bundy did, most cost an average of \$1,000.

Other bills come from checking out obscure facts and legal points. "For example," says Sheinbaum, "not long ago the best guy to supply some answers happened to be in Paris. Our phone bill talking to him was \$500." Attorney Charles Nesson adds, "Our research needs have been just awesome." One early project: going through the mountain of pertinent memoirs. Government publications and news clippings to show that most of the material published in the 7,000 pages of Pentagon papers was already public knowledge.

All in all, the monthly outgo is around \$70,000. To help pay the bills, Ellsberg and Russo go out speaking nearly every weekend. "I usually appear on some campus or at a Unitarian church and bring in \$300," Russo told TIME's Leo Janos. "Dan makes a talk in some living room and comes back with three grand." A bigger source of revenue is direct-mail solicitation, using the purchased mailing lists of such organizations as the ACLU, Common Cause, the *New York Review of Books* and the *New Republic*. To date, 1,000,000 letters have brought in \$200,000.

A continuing frustration for the fund raisers has been Ellsberg's father-in-law, Toy Manufacturer Louis Marx,

"Mr. Marx has cost us tens of thousands of dollars," Sheinbaum groans. "People figure he is certainly rich enough to foot the bill. This is true. Unfortunately Mr. Marx is absolutely opposed to what Dan did. He won't give a dime, won't even talk to Dan. But it's hard to convince people of that." Currently, the defense has a \$70,000 operating deficit.

With interest in the proceedings now increasing as the trial heads to the jury, Sheinbaum is desperately trying to get out of the hole. A final telegram blitz went out two weeks ago to 20,000 former contributors. Says Sheinbaum, "By the end of the trial, I expect to be \$150,000 in the red, and that's assuming acquittal. Obviously, if there are appeals, well..."

Paying Off May Day

After rounding up some 14,500 persons during the antiwar May Day demonstrations in Washington two years ago, police and Administration officials made no secret of their pride in the way the situation was handled. They had avoided extensive violence, they pointed out, and prevented the city from being brought to a standstill. If the civil rights of some individuals had been curtailed, that was a necessary price for the maintenance of order. Now Washington is learning that the price is also measured in dollars and cents.

Washington's problem is that the police collected virtually no evidence, yet thousands of those arrested had to post bail or collateral of from \$10 to \$250. All told, fewer than 800 were ever convicted, most because they pleaded guilty or *nolo contendere*. The vast majority of cases had to be dropped—but not before many had already forfeited their bail money because police led them to think that that was tantamount to paying a fine and closing the case. Last week in a 3-0 ruling, the District of Columbia Circuit Court of Appeals concluded that many of the arrests had been so indiscriminate and the judicial machinery so clumsy that there was no justification for requiring bonds in the first place. The court indicated that an appropriate remedy would be for the city to return the money posted and expunge police records on request, unless it can show there was cause for an arrest. If everyone eligible applies, attorneys for the arrestees' class-action suit say that Washington may have to pay out more than \$100,000, including costs of processing the claims.

The city's costs do not end there. In a civil suit, 24 doctors and medical students last week won \$37,000 in damages. They had been arrested despite official assurances that they could render aid to injured or ill demonstrators. It was the second such damage award assessed against the city; the first, for \$9,000, went to two Government employees swept up by police as they walked to work. There are at least 35 more such suits waiting on the docket.



LEONARD WEINGLASS LEONARD BOUDIN
No help at all from Mr. Marx.

prosecution tab may reach \$5,000,000.

To meet the high cost of justice, the defense team has a salaried staff of 25, who raise funds, do legal research, plot courtroom strategy, type, prepare press releases and copy documents. "We open the office at 6 a.m.," says Head Fund Raiser Stanley Sheinbaum, an economist formerly of the Santa Barbara Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. Actually, three persons have normally been working all night duplicating, collating, indexing and distributing copies of the previous day's trial transcript, exhibits and memos.

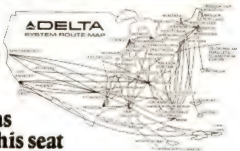
By 7 a.m., Chief Attorneys Leonard Boudin and Leonard Weinglass plus the three other trial lawyers begin gathering in their offices located five blocks from the courtroom; legal aides report on points they have spent the night researching. Meanwhile the fund raisers are arriving to call East Coast donors. Even during the trial, the offices, emblazoned with antiwar posters and looking more like a political headquarters than a law firm, continue to buzz. The phones are always ringing, the Xerox machine never stops. But the heart of the office day begins at 4:30 p.m., when the lawyers return from court and meet



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5,000 miles
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Correct if required.**

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this is what you get.**

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- 3. Inspect Drive Belts (Condition and Tension).
Correct if required.**
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(6 Cyl.). Clean if required.**

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A front end alignment plus
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- 5. Inspect Exhaust Gas Recirculation Discharge Port
(6 Cyl.). Clean if required.**

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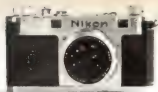
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 Oct. 1956 Israel launches attack on Sinai
 Mar. 1958 Khrushchev Premier of USSR
 Jan. 1959 Castro's revolt in Cuba begins
 May 1960 U2 incident cancels Paris summit
 April 1961 Russians put first man in space
 April 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba
 May 1961 Shepard first U.S. man in space
 Aug. 1961 Berlin Wall blocks refugees
 Feb. 1962 John Glenn first American in orbit
 May 1962 Adolf Eichmann hanged in Israel
 Oct. 1962 U.S. blockades Cuba
 Aug. 1963 200,000 at civil rights rally in D.C.
 Nov. 1963 President Kennedy assassinated
 Nov. 1963 Lee Harvey Oswald shot
 Mar. 1964 Jack Ruby convicted of murder
 Feb. 1965 Black leader Malcolm X killed
 June 1965 U.S. forces in combat in Vietnam
 Nov. 1965 The blackout of the Northeast
 Aug. 1966 "Red Guard" begins in China
 June 1967 Israel and Arab forces battle
 July 1967 Racial violence in Detroit
 Dec. 1967 Successful heart transplant
 Jan. 1968 Pueblo captured by North Korea
 Apr. 1968 Martin Luther King killed
 June 1968 Senator Robert F. Kennedy shot
 Aug. 1968 Russia invades Czechoslovakia
 Aug. 1968 Chicago demonstrations
 July 1969 Man's first moon walk
 Mar. 1970 Mailmen strike in New York
 June 1970 Voting age lowered to 18
 Sept. 1970 Palestinians hijack 4 jets
 Jan. 1971 Apollo 14 launched to the moon
 Feb. 1971 Major Los Angeles earthquake
 July 1971 Three Astronauts head for moon
 Nov. 1971 Red China admitted to the U.N.
 Dec. 1971 Indian Army captures Dacca
 Jan. 1972 13 killed in Northern Ireland
 Feb. 1972 President Nixon leaves for China
 April 1972 Astronauts on moon 3 days
 June 1972 Democratic quarters raided
 June 1972 Hurricane Agnes wreaks havoc
 July 1972 Kissinger meets with Hanoi aides
 Nov. 1972 Nixon-Agnew ticket re-elected




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MILESTONES

Divorced. Dr. Alexander Comfort, 53, British biologist, gerontologist and author (*The Power House. Come Out to Play*), and lately one of science's most approving analysts of group sex (TIME, Jan. 8); and Ruth Comfort; after 29 years of marriage, one son; in London.

Died. Istvan Kertesz, 43, music director of the Cologne Opera and one of the half-dozen top jet-traveling conductors, by drowning when swept out to sea while swimming in the Mediterranean near Tel Aviv, where he was guest conductor of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. Born and trained in Hungary, Kertesz conducted his first concert at age 19, soon became conductor of Hungary's Győr Philharmonic and the Budapest State Opera. Armed with vast operatic and symphonic repertoires, the quiet, authoritative maestro moved to Germany in 1957, made his American debut in Detroit in 1961, and in the past decade appeared annually in some 120 performances in the U.S. and abroad.

Died. Lawrance Thompson, 67, Princeton University scholar, whose official biography of his longtime friend (Robert Frost): *The Years of Triumph, 1915-1948*, revealed a dark side of the supposedly kindly, curmudgeonly old poet, that of a petty, cantankerous schemer—and earned Thompson a 1970 Pulitzer Prize; after a long illness; in Princeton, N.J.

Died. J. Preston Lewis, 71, gruff, aggressive leader of Owens-Illinois during the glass company's rapid expansion after World War II; in Toledo. Lewis was a plant manager in his family-owned Illinois Glass Co. when the firm merged with the Owens Bottle Co. in 1929 and Lewis' cousin became the first Owens-Illinois president. By 1941, Lewis himself was elected top bottlemaker. Under his leadership as president (1941-50) and later as chairman of the board (1950-68), the company grew to become an international producer of plastics, paper and glass, increasing its annual sales from \$88 million in 1940 to \$961 million in 1967.

Died. Willie ("the Lion") Smith, 75, last of the original "stride style" jazz pianists who flourished in Harlem during the '20s and '30s; of congestive heart failure in Manhattan. Smith won his nickname for his World War I brassery; he earned his fame with a piano technique dominated by the left hand sliding across the lower half of the keyboard, thumping out chords. With his ever-present red vest, derby hat and cigar, Smith performed for more than half a century, toured frequently in the U.S. and Europe, and influenced jazz musicians from Duke Ellington to Thelonious Monk.

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What Do Many Doctors Use When They Suffer Pain Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues?

Exclusive Formula Gives Prompt, Temporary Relief In Many Cases From Such Pain. Also Helps Shrink Swelling of Such Tissues Due to Infection.

In a survey, doctors were asked what they use to relieve such painful symptoms. Many of the doctors reporting said that they either use Preparation H themselves or in their office practice.

Preparation H gives prompt, tem-

porary relief for hours in many cases from pain, itching in hemorrhoidal tissues. And it actually helps shrink painful swelling of such tissues when infected and inflamed. Just see if doctor-tested Preparation H doesn't help you.

Sex and Mao At Princeton

Princeton's top administrators were unanimous in their contrition. "We goofed," said Vice President Anthony J. Maruca. "An error in judgment," echoed President William Bowen. "A serious error," added Trustee Chairman R. Manning Brown Jr.

That group admission of guilt was inspired by a 48-page pamphlet rather innocuously entitled *Birth Control Handbook*. Princeton's Sex Education Counseling and Health Program (its barbaric acronym: SECH) had distributed some 6,000 copies in dormitories. What outraged conservative

gered by it. Some mailed copies of the booklet to all 40 university trustees and to the *National Review*, whose publisher is a Princeton alumnus. The magazine denounced the *Handbook* as a "scandal," and *Review* Editor William F. Buckley Jr., a Yaleman, suggested in his syndicated newspaper column that the "Princeton Maoists begin their revolution by cleaning up sexual immorality in Princeton."

All of which prompted Princeton officials to find out how *Birth Control Handbook* was chosen. It turned out that it originally had been put out four years ago by a group of students at McGill University in Montreal. Since then, some 4,000,000 copies have been circulated in Canada, England, Australia

As a result of the publicity, letters from irate alumni poured into Princeton's Nassau Hall, where the university's copying machines disgorged clarifications, which were mailed in response. The trustees tried to soothe alumni feelings last week by declaring in a formal statement that "a serious mistake had been made." The administration reacted by halting circulation of the *Handbook*. When students ask at the university infirmary for sex information now, they will be given a publication called *Student Guide to Sex on Campus*. It is nonpolitical and published—as if Princeton's mortification were not enough—by Yale students.

Wanted: More Students

Already skirting bankruptcy, many colleges need more income from tuition and government subsidies. Schools in serious trouble therefore must attract more students, and others must at least maintain stable enrollments. Thus the mood was bullish at many admissions offices last week. Even as college acceptance rates were being mailed to 3,000,000 high school seniors, various surveys found that applications for next fall's freshman classes at many four-year colleges had declined.

The Association of American Colleges queried 451 of its members, most of them private institutions, and found that only one-fourth had more applicants than in 1972. Similarly, the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges reported that applications to the nation's 109 major state university systems and campuses had dropped off by 4.2%—the first overall decline in ten years. There were exceptions to the trend, of course. As a group, the eight Ivy League colleges had 3.3% more applicants than last year. The number declined by 3.4% at Harvard but rose by 8% at Yale, which had actively recruited women.

Exactly how the application trend will translate into class size in September is not yet clear. "The payoff is how many register," noted A.A.C. President Frederic W. Ness. Moreover, high school seniors today may simply be more confident about getting into their first-choice colleges. In that case, there would be fewer applications to second-choice schools than there were in the fiercely competitive 1960s. Still, the U.S. Office of Education predicts that next fall's enrollments at four-year campuses will be roughly the same as this year's 9.2 million. Turned off by high college costs (an annual average of \$3,280 for resident students at private four-year schools) and no longer believing that a degree will automatically increase their economic status, many students now prefer to commute to cheaper two-year community and technical colleges near their homes. Enrollments at those schools rose 5.4% last year, and are expected to go up by the same proportion next fall.



STUDENTS STUDYING HANDBOOK

Complete, succinct and medically sound—but politically unreliable.



COVER OF CONTROVERSIAL PAMPHLET

students and alumni was not the pamphlet's routine discussion of anatomy, conception, contraceptives and abortion but its fiery introduction. The opening pages denounced the population-control movement as an instrument of U.S. imperialism in the Third World. The introduction also blamed urban ills on "America's white ruling class" and pollution on consumers. "We are the villains," it said, "because we drive to work in the only transportation system made available by G.M., Ford and Chrysler." The introduction suggested that Americans emulate China's Maoist revolution and find "new methods of distributing the riches of the world, which in fact belong to all human beings, not only to the Rockefellers, Fords, Du Ponts, Mellons, Rothschilds and their like."

While many students ignored the introduction as juvenile, others were an-

dered by it. Some mailed copies of the booklet to all 40 university trustees and to the *National Review*, whose publisher is a Princeton alumnus. The magazine denounced the *Handbook* as a "scandal," and *Review* Editor William F. Buckley Jr., a Yaleman, suggested in his syndicated newspaper column that the "Princeton Maoists begin their revolution by cleaning up sexual immorality in Princeton."

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Menthol or Regular

Jail Bait

SUCH A GORGEOUS KID LIKE ME
Directed by FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT
Screenplay by JEAN-LOUP DABADIE
and FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT

Light, whimsical, diverting on the surface, this sleek recreation by François Truffaut is deceptively sweet—like a fondant filled with vitriol. The gorgeous kid of the title is Camille Bliss (Bernadette Lafont), another of the coyly annihilating heroines who have haunted Truffaut's work since the incomparable *Jules and Jim* (1961). These women tease men, taunt them, stalk them, until, as in *The Mississippi Mermaid* (1969), and as here, the men are so enmeshed in their own obsession that they become grateful, impassioned prisoners.

Such a *Gorgeous Kid Like Me* gives this destructive dynamic still another odd twist. Truffaut makes Camille look and sound like a tomboy version of the ragamuffin youngsters who populate such chapters of his cinematic autobiography as *Red and Blue*. Camille's innocence, however, is chiding, manipulative, a weapon wielded with instinctual skill against a battery of eager victims.

Truffaut's playful misogyny gives the movie a nice cutting edge, but it also unhinges it, quite as thoroughly as the hapless hero (Andre Dussollier) is eventually unhinged by Camille. A bookish, earnest, timid sociologist writing a thesis on criminal women, Dussollier interviews Camille in prison and becomes enraptured by her exploits; his scholarly dispassion buckles as she relates her history of adultery, theft and even—perhaps—murder. He becomes her vicarious paramour, and her champion, determined to prove her innocent of the murder of a lover (Charles Denner). She is, through his strenuous dedication, finally acquitted. But he soon finds himself implicated in the death of Camille's husband. Camille could save him, but only by incriminating herself. She declines, of course. By this time the sociologist, in jail, is almost beyond caring. He is beguiled now by her guilt and his own gullibility.

Truffaut displays his distinctive and exuberant virtuosity; the film is briskly and surely made. The actors are fine, especially Denner, as a notably intense exterminator, and Guy Marchand, as a sleazy vocalist called Sam Golden who sports an extensive wardrobe of Damon Runyon gangster duds. But Bernadette Lafont can never find quite the proper



LAFONT IN "GORGEOUS KID"
Beguiled by guilt.

combination of artfulness and amorality as Camille. She has an easy, unforced, energetic sexuality, but her ruthlessness does not seem to suit her. She tries too hard to act it, perhaps because it was never fully there in the script, which is concerned more with gymnastics of plot than thorough characterization. Truffaut's own attitude toward Camille is clearer, but still ambivalent. He treats her with a mingling of savagery and bemused resignation, an attitude that makes finally for a curious but lopsided film.

• Joy Cocks



Half Hitch

SISTERS

Directed by BRIAN DE PALMA
Screenplay by BRIAN DE PALMA
and LOUISA ROSE

Sisters is being promoted as a routine shocker of the kind that has made its distributor, American-International, rich and infamous. But it is something more—and more interesting—than that. It is a homage by a gifted, if erratic, young director, Brian de Palma (*Hi Mom*, *Greetings*), to one of cinema's genuine masters, Alfred Hitchcock.

The theme is Hitchcockian: a demonstration of the way private sexual obsession has a way of spilling over into public, with murderous consequences (*Vertigo*). There are innocent bystanders drawn dangerously into a closely woven criminal web (*The Man Who Knew Too Much*). Even the murder that is the film's central incident—a perhaps too ghastly knifing—reminds us of the famous shower-bath murder in *Psycho*, as does a splendid, spooky score by that film's masterful composer, Bernard Herrmann. More important than these specific references to glories past, however, is the Hitchcockian discipline De Palma brings to his storytelling: the delicate balance between humor and horror with which he permits it to unfold, the suspenseful way he lets the audience in on the plot's secret



BILL FINLEY & MARGOT KIDDER IN SCENE FROM BRIAN DE PALMA'S "SISTERS"
Homage by a gifted young director to an old master.

before his characters tumble to it.

De Palma's story is about a woman who survives an operation that separates her from her Siamese twin. She turns schizophrenic in an effort to keep her dead twin's spirit alive, then is allowed to roam dangerously free by the doctor who performed the operation. He in turn is both guilty about and possessive of the human accident he created. It is a weirdly plausible and marvelously original plot. So are the parodies that enliven the film: a lunatic TV game show that caters openly to

voyeurism; an earnest and dimwitted documentary explicating the medical and psychological problems of Siamese twins. De Palma's New York location work, as it has in the past, reveals facets of an overfamiliar urban landscape untouched by other film makers.

There is an appealing performance by Jennifer Salt as the investigative journalist whose cries of "Wolf, wolf!" go unheeded until it is almost too late, and Margot Kidder is touching and frightening as the most thoroughly split personality in movie history. Above all,

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however, *Sisters* reveals De Palma as capable of moving from the esoteric fringe of the movie world to its commercial center without sacrificing the exuberantly anarchic spirit that first marked him as a director worth watching. *Sisters* provides moviegoers with the special satisfaction of finding a real treasure while prowling cinema's bargain basement.

■ Richard Schickel

Quick Cuts

SOYLENT GREEN is not a park outside London, but a foodstuff supposedly manufactured from high-energy plankton. It is the very stuff of life for the beleaguered citizens of smog-shrouded, dangerously overcrowded New York City in the year 2022, where there are nearly 200 murders a day and only a rich man can afford cigarettes. The plot of this intermittently interesting science-fiction thriller is about a cop (Charlton Heston) whose investigations lead him to the true and appalling origin of soylent green. The story is rather less notable than the fact that its alarming social prognosis has already become a cliché. It is all too likely that such ecological chaos may occur, but there have been so many melodramatic warnings about it in essays and speculative fantasies such as this that urgency becomes blunted and worn through repetition. Heston, forsaking his granite stoicism for once, makes a properly gruff policeman, but it is likely that *Soylent Green* will be most remembered for the last appearance of Edward G. Robinson, who plays a cantankerous intellectual. In a rueful irony, his death scene, in which he is hygienically dispatched with the help of piped-in light classical music and movies of rich fields flashed before him on a towering screen, is the best in the film.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY is a cache of fleeting pleasures collected by Claude Lelouch, who always seems to make films (*A Man and a Woman*) with the same airy cheer, as if he were mailing out greeting cards. The plot is a congenial sort of caper about a gang of aging delinquents (Lino Ventura, Jacques Brel, Charles Denner, Charles Gerard, Aldo Maccione) who hire themselves out for all kinds of elaborate political thugery. Since ideology cannot be stashed in a numbered Swiss account, it plays no part in their addled schemes, which include kidnaping a Swiss diplomat and hijacking a 747. There are some genuinely funny moments: an ingenious auctioning of a political prisoner and a seminar in courting girls on the beach, with each of the five men strutting across the sand like roosters on a bed of burning coals. Although spirits remain high throughout, invention is nowhere near as consistent. "Are you Marxists?" a guerrilla leader inquires of them, and their spokesman replies: "Yes—Groucho Marxists." If only they were.

■ J.C.



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Mrs. Mary Henson
Riverside, California

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Dubuffet: Realism As Absurdity

"I would like people to see my work as a rehabilitation of scorned values and, in any case, make no mistake about it, a work of ardent celebration."

Thus Jean Dubuffet, 71, the ex-wine merchant from Le Havre, described the paintings that have earned him a reputation as France's most eminent living artist as well as its official culture scourge. The three decades of his output now displayed in an enormous retrospective at Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum resemble a strip-mining operation. With indefatigable and clamorous gusto, Dubuffet has chewed up whole tracts of land once thought to be outside culture. This is the territory he calls *art brut*—"raw art." Its landscape includes the gay scribbles of children, the darker grotesqueries of madmen's art and the limitless repertory of graffiti and folk images—naïve, threatening, bizarre or just plain corny—that lies between.

Dubuffet's position is odd. The products of a foe of "orthodox" beauty, his tarry clumps of mud and orange peel, highly insured, decorate half the *bon bourgeois* salons of Paris. The author of many eloquent tracts, he speaks in defense of incoherence and illiteracy as poetic principles. An intellectual, Cartesian to the fingertips and a close friend of such literary eminences as Raymond Queneau, Jean Paulhan and François Ponge, he has based 30 years of work on the premise that Western culture is a grotesque irrelevance. Dubuffet is indeed a quintessentially French figure.

Despite the ritual assurances in the Guggenheim catalogue that Dubuffet is still a subversive force, the flurry and scandals that once attended his shows have died. Whatever else he may be doing, he is not—as a New York critic claimed in 1948—"debasement and perverting the very nature of art." His crude little turnip-men and personages compounded, apparently, of excrement and butterfly wings, his animals and objects in all their quirkish black humor with (lately) their deadpan repetition of red and blue stripes within the wiggling contours, are only pictures after all. They have altogether lost their shock. Most of them are now drained of their power even to surprise. Some look ornamental to the point of sleekness. To

an extent that nobody would have predicted 15 years ago, they have entered the canon of *belle peinture*: what tract of paint surface could be more grazable than the richly troweled field on which Dubuffet's *Cow in a Black Meadow* stands mooring soulfully, the hilarious bovine essence of solitude?

The required view of Dubuffet is that of the artist as noble savage. In the words of the French critic Georges Limbour, he is driven by "a dedication to total liberty from all rules and conventions of representation" to "reject all previous knowledge—in short, to reinvent his art and his methods for every new production." Ostensibly, Dubuffet

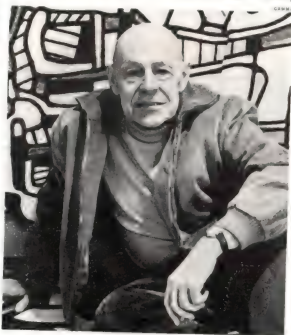
rears as an artist began when he was 41, proclaims that he and we can become as little children, an impressive feat of cultural legerdemain has been attempted—and nobody in the museum gets much closer to innocence.

Getting back to innocence, or to primal crudity (for Dubuffet they are the same), without becoming a stylist is one of the 20th century's dreams. It presupposes a return to the origins of form, to the half-articulate, the instinctive: uncensored desire. Me Tarzan, you Raphael. Dubuffet's art speaks directly to anyone who wants to abolish the humanist past—that area of art that insists that man is the flower of the universe and can, by force and subtlety of intellect, control it. His images assert the opposite: a nude becomes a lump of hairy pink clay with a pinhead, swag-

ging numbles and a skin so gouged by fissures, cracks and graffiti that it is on the verge of turning into a landscape. The hierarchy of human to animal to vegetable to mineral is abolished: the popeyed homunculi who scurry like moles through his landscapes or rear up, delicately rainbow-tinted like decaying fungi, in paintings such as *Extravagant Lady*, 1954 (opposite), are mere coalescences in human form. They are not people but slices of life, and in this perversely microscopic sense Dubuffet is a realist painter. The flat "absurdity" of his gaze on the fallen objects of this world has led to the idea that Dubuffet is not interested in beauty. That is untrue. He claims for his art "another and vaster beauty, touching all objects and beings, not excluding the most despised."

It is the beauty of comedy, of the metaphysical pitfall. In Dubuffet's uncategorized world, objects are neither noble nor base. They simply are. Dubuffet, perhaps more than any other modern painter, has made his audience aware of the ramifications of meaningless existence. Agitated by a kind of cosmic giggle, his large energy and abundant talent have conspired to demonstrate that comedy and objectivity can be synonymous. But in proving it, he finishes—like any other primitivist modern painter—against a primitivist of style. This may be why many of Dubuffet's paintings, for all their humor, power of imagery and often extreme brutality of surface, have come by slow degrees to look like august cuisine, as if a gifted French chef were performing miracles with horsemeat.

■ Robert Hughes



JEAN DUBUFFET IN PARIS
The past oppresses him.

would like to escape European psychology and history. The past oppresses him. Originality means innocence. Yet his paintings are undeniably full of rules, conventions and accepted signs taken over from other art forms. The shorthand of child drawing—the wavy contours and schematic figures, the jammed and frontally flattened space—is as important to a Dubuffet like *Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle* as perspective space is in a Perugino. Dubuffet used these techniques deliberately to discover how ludicrous, violent or absurd an image a given set of conventions could carry within the context of modern painting. His drawing is stylish to the point of mannerism. Indeed his pictures depend on that context more than his admirers will allow. Madmen understand the art of the mad; children, child art. But when an eminently rational adult, whose ca-

Jean Dubuffet's "Extravagant Lady," 1954





Among Jean Dubuffet's works at the Guggenheim are "Self-Portrait VI," 1966 (below); "Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle," 1962 (bottom); and "Cow in a Black Meadow," 1954 (left).



Jean Dubuffet
Self-Portrait VI
1966



JOHN J. MURPHY

Classical Records

Among the best of recent releases

Schubert-Mahler Lieder (Jessye Norman, soprano, accompanied by Irwin Gage, piano, Philips: \$6.98) In her first solo recording released in the U.S., Jessye Norman, 26, leaves no doubt that she is worth listening to. Soaring from plummy contralto to lustrous soprano, her range is flexible if not yet altogether secure. Her sound is heavy for the intimacy of lieder; yet underlying Jessye Norman's dark, lustrous voice, one detects a true *liedric spinto* that some day perhaps could rival Leontyne Price's.

Barenboim Conducts Elgar's Symphony No. 2 in E-flat, Opus 63 (London Philharmonic Orchestra, Columbia: \$5.98) Wildly famous in his day, the stately, sunlit tonal landscapes of Sir Edward Elgar withered before the 20th century's neoclassic revolt. Elgar died nearly forgotten in 1934. In this stylish reading of the E-flat symphony Daniel Barenboim takes a fresh look at the elegant Edwardian, holding a course of gentle restraint against an exuberance of leaping octaves and rolling timpani. Barenboim reclaims the Elgar grandeur without losing any of the buoyancy that captivated 19th century audiences.

Bruch: Two Violin Concertos (Yehudi Menuhin, soloist, plays *Concerto No. 1 in G Minor* and *No. 2 in D Minor*, London Symphony Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult conducting, Angel: \$5.98). The *G Minor Violin Concerto* was an instant success, but to Max Bruch's sorrow his second violin concerto won only initial acclaim that soon faded. While the world applauded the *G Minor*, the neglected *D Minor* remained Bruch's favorite. Now Yehudi Menuhin has recorded the pair in a performance of such luscious tone and melodic charm that even Bruch's duckling is at last a swan.

The New Trumpet (Gerard Schwarz, trumpet, Ursula Oppens, piano, play Peter Maxwell Davies' *Sonata for Trumpet and Piano*, Lucia Dlugozewski's *Space Is a Diamond*, and William Hellerman's *Passages 13-The Fire*, Nonesuch: \$2.98). All too often avant-garde music looms as a forbidding wilderness of inhospitable sounds. Not this album of contemporary trumpet music performed by versatile Trumpeter Schwarz. The *Sonata* by Davies, who also composed the opera *Taverner*, is sequential but melodic. Composer Dlugozewski, who studied with Varèse, employs a variety of mutes and experimental techniques without sacrificing emotional content. Composer Hellerman, a Columbia University faculty member, utilizes tape to heighten musical tension and not merely as a sound effect. In his performance, Schwarz gives us swooping glissandi, a simultaneous playing and singing technique, and he stretches the trumpet range to an incredible 4½ octaves—a feat that is in itself worth the price of the record.

Joan Downs

Reggae Power

It could be the name of an infectious disease, a moss lichen or a law-school seminar. Reggae (pronounced ray-gay) is the local jargon of Jamaicans distinguishing "regular" rhythm from calypso. To millions of fans, the lilting pop rock with the spicy island beat is the Caribbean's most captivating musical export since steel bands.

Enthusiasts say that it is intoxicating, detractors complain that it is monotonous. Both find it oddly difficult to describe. Paul Simon is the first white American to record reggae (*Mother and Child Reunion*), which he describes as having "a little New Orleans sound and that one-and-three feel. Or, you know, two-and-four—with no hit on the one-and-three.... It's hard to explain... But I love it."

Appreciative listeners agree: on the current U.S. charts, reggae is represented by Johnny Nash's *Stir It Up*; his 2,000,000-record smash last winter, *I Can See Clearly Now*, was also reggae. Johnny Rivers' *Rockin' Pneumonia—Boogie Woogie Flu* is reggae, although, title to the contrary, his *L.A. Reggae* album lacks true reggae's eccentric upside-down shuffle beat. Three Dog Night's *Black and White* qualities and Harry Nilsson's *Cocoon* (1972) has a whiff of the island sound.

Like American Negro blues, reggae is black ghetto music, born of the misery of island shanty towns. It first became commercialized in the early '50s when "sound systems men"—itinerant disc jockeys who became reggae's first record producers—traveled from village to village with amplifiers and a stackful of primitive recordings made by local musicians. By 1964 Singer Millie Small's reggae recording *My Boy Lollipop* sold 6,000,000 copies, scoring in the top ten on both sides of the Atlantic. But it was not until Johnny Nash's *Hold Me Tight*, in 1968, followed a year later by Jimmy Cliff's *Wonderful World, Beautiful People*, that reggae captured an American following. It is getting bigger each year.

Sensuality. So popular has reggae become that a movie, *The Harder They Come*, was made this year about a fictional reggae composer. It is the story of a naive country musician—played by Jamaican Jimmy Cliff—who goes to Kingston, records his song, and is ripped off by the crooked record industry, receiving only \$20 for a record that may sell thousands of copies. In many ways, the story parallels Cliff's own early experiences in record making and those of many another native reggae musician. Unlike his screen counterpart, Cliff was never paid for his own first record.

Initially reggae was earthy, sexually explicit and abounding in *joie de vivre*. "Work with me, Annie, let's get it while

the gittin' is good," a typical reggae began. While reggae retains a core of sensuality and haunting folk wisdom ("I can see clearly now that the rain must fall..."), the theme of today's reggae is emphatically one of social protest. It is often menacing, as in the Wailers' new single, *Slave Driver*.

Every time I hear you crack the whip

My blood runs cold

Slave driver, the table is turned

I've got your fire

You're gonna get burned

So socially activist have reggae lyrics become that they were a highly ef-

HOWARD S. MAYER



REGGAE SINGER JOHNNY NASH
A spicy island beat.

factive political weapon in the last Jamaican election in February 1972, when Michael Manley, head of the opposition People's National Party, hired Reggae Singer-Composer Clancy Eccles as his campaign consultant. First Eccles converted the reggae hit *Better Must Come* ("Let the power fall, beat down Babylon!") into the party anthem. Next he supplied disc jockeys with rhythmic campaign slogans. Then he assembled a morality play, casting Manley as Joshua—rewriting the last line of his own reggae song *Rod of Correction* and substituting the name of Prime Minister Hugh Shearer in "King Pharaoh's army was drowned."

In self-defense, Shearer banned political songs from the radio, but sound systems men carried them to the villages. No one knows, of course, how significant their message was to the electorate, but the fact is that the Prime Minister was roundly defeated to the accompaniment of a reggae rhythm.

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The Women's Woman

As a top Broadway hit of the 1930s, *The Women* was one of the earliest *Women's Liberation* plays in the U.S. After countless performances throughout the world, *The Women* returns to Broadway this week. TIME Associate Editor Gerald Clarke talked with its author, Clare Boothe Luce.

"The play calls for a blonde seductress, and they cast it with a sultry brunette," complained Clare Boothe Luce. "Now they're trying to persuade me to rewrite it for her. I would have thought that no one would ask me to rewrite the characters of a play that is 37 years old." She paused before adding the obvious: "I, of course, have no intention of doing it." Once as famous for her sharp tongue as for her beauty, she is mellow now (she celebrated her 70th birthday this month), but not so mellow as to rewrite her best-known play. When *The Women* is revived on Broadway this week, after two weeks of try-outs, the changes will be in the cast: a blonde seductress will replace Lainie Kazan, the temperamental brunette who refused to wear a blonde wig for the role.

For Mrs. Luce, the revival has already been an exercise in *déjà vu*. Though she, like many younger women in the women's movement, sees the play almost as a tract for Women's Lib, the out-of-town critics, like their predecessors a generation ago, were shocked that a woman could say such spiteful things about other women. "They just do not like to think that there could ever have existed this particular streak in women," she says with a laugh. "It is most chivalrous of them. But what annoys me just a little is that reviewers even now, after all the years I have fought and pleaded and written about the cause of women, persist in picturing me as an enemy of my own sex. Every time a woman opens her mouth about another woman she is supposed to be giving her final view about her sex. This is, of course, unconscious male chauvinism."

"Actually," she continues, stopping only to puff an ever-present Kent cigarette, "the play is a satire. Anyone who understands a satirist's mind knows that he is someone who is deeply disappointed and takes his revenge in poking fun at the objects of his disillusionment." Mrs. Luce's disillusionment was with her pre-*Women* life in the café society of the 1920s and 1930s where rich women with nothing better to do turned on themselves. "It was a life I did not like," she says firmly, underlining every word. "The expectation of my youth was that women were on the road to liberation. But I discovered that it was still not a world where a woman could make a

life for herself—though I then did, of course."

Divorcing herself from that life, as well as from Millionaire George Browne, whom she describes as a "Fifth Avenue Beau Brummel," she became managing editor of *Vanity Fair*, one of the smartest magazines of its day, in 1933. A year later she quit to write on her own, and in 1935 married Henry R. Luce, the co-founder and editor in chief of Time Inc. Two days before they were married, her first Broadway play opened. "It was called *Abide with Me*," she recalls, "and it abode with nobody. When the curtain went down, some members of the cast brought me forward from the wings. I took a frightened little bow. After a terrible roasting the next morning, one of the critics ended with a line that is graven on my mind: 'The end of it all was that Miss Boothe sprang out like a gazelle to cries of "Author! Author!"—which were audible to no ears but her own.' I have never been to the opening of a play of mine since."

The day she and Luce were to leave on their honeymoon they received an advance copy of the TIME review, which was, for perhaps obvious reasons, less harsh than the newspapers. "Harry paced up and down the room and finally said: 'Darling, no Marion Davies you. You know this wasn't a good play and I know that it wasn't a good play. I'm going to write a review.'" He did, but deciding that it was still too kind, she rewrote it. Their collaboration, which damned her efforts as "tedious psychiatry," appeared the following week in the magazine.

From the start, the relationship be-

CLARE LUCE AT "MARGIN FOR ERROR" (1939)





CLARE LUCE IN GARDEN OF HAWAII HOME

tween Clare and her husband's magazines was uncomfortable. To show their independence, the editors were often snide when they referred to her. Luce himself bridled at their treatment of his wife, but refused to interfere. Eventually, it was decided by all involved that the best course was simply to ignore her, a policy that was broken only when it was necessary to chronicle her career as war correspondent, Congresswoman from Connecticut, Ambassador to Italy, an early scuba diver and a leading, often controversial figure in the conservative wing of the Republican Party. "So I never was on the cover of *TIME* and I never was on the cover of *LIFE*," she now sighs unhappily, but without bitterness. "That was the way it had to be, but what really hurt was that the rest of the press went on saying that I was the darling of *Time* Inc."

After her husband's death in 1967, she retired to Hawaii, where they had recently bought land. "We had been in the very familiar Eastern-seaboard, affluent-living situation," she says. "An apartment in New York, a home in the country and a place in Arizona for the winter. It had been like that for me since I was 19. I had one great desire, which was just to have one house. I had two conditions: it should be under the American flag, and it should be as livable in winter as summer. I'm too old to shovel snow off my doorstep in Connecticut."

In Hawaii, she still sees many of her friends, who fly in and out—"I come to New York now for a rest," she jokes—and she still writes about the women's movement, which she has been involved in since her teens. Her advocacy of women's rights has not lessened over the years, and she wrote an essay, "Woman, a Technological Castaway," for the 1973 *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Yearbook. "In every marriage there are two marriages," she wrote. "His and hers. His is better... What man now calls woman's natural feminine mentality is the unnatural slave mentality he forced on her, just as he forced it on the blacks. He made her the 'house nigger.' In the end, man dropped the shackles from woman's body only because he had succeeded in fastening them on her mind. Man did not grant woman the vote until he was reasonably certain that her slave mentality had become second nature and that she would not act to bring about her own emancipation."

Despite her age, it is still clear what Photographer Cecil Beaton meant when he described Mrs. Luce as "most drenchingly beautiful"—she still has a great, lingering beauty, with a near perfect profile. Several unsuccessful operations for double cataracts have left her somewhat frail, however, and she finds that she is usually too tired these days to attend the theater, one of her great loves. But she was tempted to make an exception—and break her rule about her own first nights—to attend the opening of *The Women*. She finally decided against it. "It will probably be my last play on Broadway," she says, "and I am terribly eager to see it. But I fear that would be unlikely."

Star for Public TV

For more than six months public broadcasting has been embattled by an attempt by the Nixon Administration to gain veto power over all programs. The Administration's instrument has been the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, an independent Government board that used to be little more than a conduit for the limited federal funds devoted to public TV. But after Nixon appointees gained a majority on the board last fall, the CPB suddenly took on a new purpose. It not only withheld funds for many public-affairs programs but also demanded the power to kill privately financed programs that would be transmitted on Government-financed interconnection facilities. In protest, the heads of many of the 233 local stations gathered in Washington last month to fight what seemed like an attempt at Government censorship. Several members of the CPB, including Chairman Thomas Curtis, a former Republican Congressman from Missouri, finally agreed to an elaborate compromise that would have allowed the CPB control over all Government-funded programs but would have given it only partial control over other programs.

Curtis apparently thought that the compromise would be acceptable to the President. Not so. After 48 hours of intense pressure from the White House, which continued to demand total control by the CPB, ten of the 14 members rejected the plan. Discouraged, Curtis resigned last week, leaving public TV even more embattled than before.

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Archaic? Its greatest heroes are locked in the mythic past, an epoch located roughly between the Jurassic era and World War II.

Unfashionable? Of all major team sports, it is the only one that is not played against a clock.

By all rational standards, baseball should have gone the way of the bison and the convertible by now. But there are no rational standards in love. Besieged by Masters tournaments, Olympics, track meets and Super Bowls, the fans have kept baseball incredibly popular. In a recent Harris poll, they were asked which championship event they would prefer to attend. Results:

1. World Series: 23%
2. Super Bowl: 20%
3. Kentucky Derby: 10%
4. Indianapolis 500: 10%
5. College bowl game: 8%

Why should baseball, with its sluggish metabolism and lack of crunch, retain its hold on the national imagination? The answer lies partly in its seasonal associations. No one is immune to the vernal equinox. The same jump of the blood occurs on ghetto streets and Little League diamonds, in bleachers and in front of the TV screen. Baseball implies an earthly benignity: clear skies, vacations and, above all, no school.

Secondly, there is the peculiarly intellectual quality of the game, with its geometric layout and its deep well of tradition. Philip Roth, whose new book *The Great American Novel* concerns the fortunes of a homeless baseball team, recalls: "Not until I got to college and was introduced to literature did I find anything with a comparable emotional atmosphere and as strong an esthetic appeal... baseball, with its longeurs and thrills, its spaciousness... its peculiarly hypnotic tedium, its heroics, its nuances, its 'characters,' its language, and its mythic sense of itself, was the literature of my boyhood."

Almost from the beginning, novelists have gone to bat for the game. Ring Lardner saw baseball as the great American comedy—look through the knothole and you found uniformed counterparts of Huck Finn and Charlie Chaplin.

The magic works for spectators as well as novelists. In *The Summer Game*, Roger Angell celebrates a field that never was: the Interior Stadium. "Baseball in the mind... is a game of recollections, recapturing and visions... anyone can play this private game, extending it to extraordinary varieties and possibilities in his mind. Ruth bats against Sandy Koufax or Sam McDowell... Hubble pitches to Ted Williams. Baseball, I must conclude, is intensely remembered because only baseball is so intensely watched."

No other sport can be so intensely watched. There is no jumbled scrimmage that must be clarified with instant replay. The ball may approach home plate at 100 m.p.h. or crawl down the third-base line like a crab. A 400-ft. fly ball may fall foul by two inches. As in chess, power radiates from stationary figures. Yet on a given pitch, ten men may be moving. Clearly, this is a game to be scrutinized.

With all the intensity, there is something more. Baseball's deepest fascination lies in two aspects of the game: records and time. In other sports, the past is a laugh. Teen-age girls are breaking Johnny Weissmuller's old Olympic marks. The four-minute mile has been shattered beyond repair. Pole vaulters, broad jumpers, skiers, quarterbacks, golfers, chess



WALTER JOHNSON



JOE DIMAGGIO



BABE RUTH

players—they have all rewritten the record books only yesterday's hero is exposed as a man with feat of clay. Only baseball has retained so many of its idols. No one has come close to Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak of 1941. The Ted Williams of 1941 was the game's last .400 hitter. Pitcher Cy Young's record of 511 victories has held for two generations. This permanence extends to the game's oddballs, men like Casey Stengel, who once tipped his hat to the crowd and released a bird that was nesting in his hair; Bobo Holloman, who pitched only one complete game in the majors—and that one a no-hitter. There are players whose names alone could render them immortal: Eli Grba, Fenton Mole, Eppa Rixey, Wally Pipp, Napoleon Lajoie. All these men, the immortals and the "flakes," exist like the game beyond the erosions of style and time.

Down on the playing field, another version of time exists. Einstein in its complexity. Other sportsmen keep an eye on the minute hand, hoping to "kill" the clock. In baseball, time is subservient to circumstance. An inning may last six pitches or 80 minutes. Official games have gone 4½ innings, and 26. That timelessness is at once the game's curse and its glory. At the conclusion of his disastrous World Series with the Mets, Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver philosophized, "You can't sit on a lead and run a few plays into the line and just kill the clock. You've got to throw the ball over the goddam plate and give the other man his chance." Then he paused and concluded: "That's why baseball is the greatest game of them all."

Or is it? Surely football is closer to the *Zeitgeist*, with its chatter of "long bombs" and marches downfield. Surely basketball with its constant scoring, or hockey with its eruptions of violence, is America's ideal spectator sport. The conservative, hidebound sport of baseball can offer no such qualities; scoring is rare, violence a matter of tempers, not policy. The game is an echo of a vanished pre-TV, prewar America, a bygone place of leisure and tranquility.

Baseball was doomed when the Black Sox scandal revealed that the World Series of 1919 was played by gamblers. It was finished when it refused to admit black players—gifted men who were forced to play in brilliant, threadbare leagues where only the ball was white. It was dead when attendance wavered and franchises fled hysterically to Seattle, Kansas City, Atlanta, Oakland.

The game survived it all. How? Is it because of the inexhaustible promotional gimmicks, the bat and ball and senior citizens days; the all-weather artificial turf; the dazzling uniforms? Is it the metaphysics and momentum that still continue from the zenith of the '30s and '40s? Or is it that this supposedly stolid, permanent game has imperceptibly accommodated change—that in each era it has accepted physical, textual and social alterations that a decade before had seemed impossibly revolutionary? Is it that, in the end, no other sport is so accurate a reflection of the supposedly stolid, permanent—and ultimately changeable—country that surrounds the interior and exterior stadiums?

■ Stefan Kanfer



ELI GRBA



BOBO HOLLAMAN



CASEY STENGEL

MODERN LIVING

Crazy-Car Craze

At an auction in Boca Raton, Fla., recently, a man from Lake George, N.Y., bought his daughter an unusual present for \$37,000: the "Chitty-Chitty Bang-Bang" car, complete with wings and propeller, used in the 1968 Walt Disney movie. In Indianapolis last year, Greta Garbo's old Duesenberg brought \$95,000. In Hollywood, TV Producer Burt Sugarman recently picked up a unique addition to his collection of classic cars: a 1927 Brewster Stratford Rolls. The price: \$125,000.

Offbeat automobiles of assorted vintage and makes are in greater demand than ever. Such serious collectors of classic cars as Los Angeles *Times* Publisher Otis Chandler Jr. are still very much in the market. Many others have discovered that luxury cars, particularly the more exotic models of Rolls-Royce, can be bought, enjoyed and sold at a gain. In Hollywood, an elderly elevator operator cashed in his life insurance to buy a 1954 Bentley for \$10,000; he figures that the car will soon be worth more to his heirs than the insurance. Physicians and other professionals are buying cars at \$20,000 and up, declaring them as business expenses for income tax purposes, and taking further profit when it is time to sell.

Hollywood, which experienced something of a motorcycle and Volkswagen phase a couple of years ago, is back to glamour cars with a vengeance. Last year 120 Rolls-Royces were sold in Beverly Hills alone. Polly Bergen traded in her new Mercedes for a one-of-a-kind 1957 Bentley convertible, while Dick Martin and Elvis Presley have bought \$35,000 Stutz Blackhawks. Steve McQueen recently wanted a very special present for his friend Ali Mac-

Graw—a limited-edition 1969 Mercedes 280-3 convertible. A dealer found one in St. Louis and had it flown to Los Angeles only to have McQueen turn it down. The interior, said the actor, was the wrong color.

Meeting the demand is driving dealers and amateurs alike to unusual measures in acquiring even low-priced finds. Warner Bros. Costume Designer Theodora Van Runkle bought a 1937 Chevrolet convertible five years ago for \$200. The car looks like an old Bentley and recently attracted a \$3,000 offer from a passer-by on the street. "It used to be that you could go to Europe and pick up an old Rolls or Mercedes for practically nothing," says Charles Schmitt, a Los Angeles dealer. "Now the European collectors are coming over here." Says Sugarman: "You can spend months tracking a car. You finally find one by phone, and the owner gives you two days to get there—and hangs up."

The fantastic prices a rare model can command are attracting some hucksterish high jinks. A recent full-page ad in the *New York Times* offered his-and-her Phantom V Rolls-Royce limousines, custom-built by the famed James Young Coachworks, for \$250,000. Five years ago, one of the cars was sold for only \$8,000 to a dealer by an eccentric Maryland horse breeder who used the car as a hay wagon. The market is glutted with high-priced limousines that were supposedly once owned by Hitler. Most of these, the experts say, are fake.

There is more than history or high finance in owning classic cars. For one thing, they are fun to tinker with. The cars can also affect their owners' personalities. "It changes their style completely," says Schmitt. "All of a sudden, they're wearing fine old tweeds and

hand-tooled leather gloves." But even the choicest classic can bug its owner. Palm Beach Socialite Trink Wakeman's 1929 Dual-Cowl Phaeton Rolls suddenly came down with a bad case of termites in the teak running boards. She had to have it fumigated.

Golf by Illusion

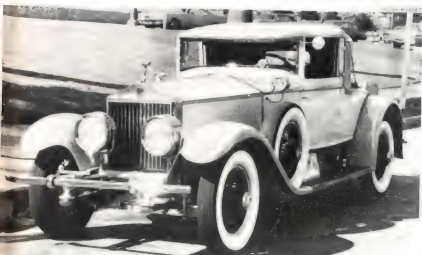
The weekend golfer faces horrendous frustrations: long queues at public courses; the expense of private clubs; capricious weather that can rain him out or sun him to a cinder before the ninth hole. One way to beat all these hazards is to forget that the Scots intended golf to be an outdoor game. Then the player can use one of the dozens of indoor ranges that employ computers and color slides to give customers the illusion that they are playing real golf on a famous course.

One of the newest and most sophisticated of these fantasy parlors is Golf-O-Rama, in Bedford Hills, N.Y. For \$3.75 on weekdays and \$5.25 on weekends, a golfer can pretend that he is playing 18 holes on one of five courses (Oahu, Thunderbird, Pebble Beach, Firestone, the Dunes). The illusion of actual play is achieved by projecting an image of the selected fairway on a 9-ft by 9-ft screen inside a large booth. When the player drives his ball against this screen, a computer measures its speed and direction, makes adjustments for hooks or slices, and controls the movement of a circular light that mimics the trajectory of the ball in flight.

After each shot, the projected image changes to show the computer's notion of where the ball would have landed. The machine also flashes the yardage gained and the remaining distance to the pin. If the computer decides that the ball has landed in a sand trap or water hazard, there is a one-stroke penalty. Putting, however, is primitive: the player must move to an Astroturf green and aim at a real hole.

Indoor addicts claim that electronic golf helps their game. "I've improved my accuracy and added 20 yards to all my iron shots," boasts Fritz Marchu, who plays at Golf-O-Rama three nights a week. Golf Pro Bob Johnson attributes the improvements to the fact that "a golfer is less ball conscious." The golfer knows he cannot lose his ball and thus concentrates more on his swing.

Golf-O-Rama's owner, Norman Schaut, 40, is convinced that the electronic golf course will become more than a foul-weather substitute for the real thing. Golf's popularity continues to grow, and land scarcity makes construction of new outdoor courses difficult in many areas. Already Schaut has noticed a number of regular customers, including one who brings in a different opponent every time he arrives. One day this regular confided to Schaut that "it's as easy to lose your shirt in here as it is outdoors." He may be the world's first indoor golf hustler.



SUGARMAN'S \$125,000 1927 BREWSTER STRATFORD ROLLS-ROYCE
High prices and hucksterish high jinks.

INFLATION

Perils of a Breakneck Boom

A LONG string of danger signals began to blink ever more insistently last week. The message: like a runaway freight train, the economy is hurtling forward at an inflationary speed that could send it off the rails into recession next year.

The warnings came in a series of statistical reports. During the first quarter, the Commerce Department disclosed, U.S. output rose a stunning 14.3%, tying the first quarter of 1971—when the economy was recovering from a General Motors strike—for the largest advance since the Korean War. Ballooning prices pushed the gross national product up about 6%, but the rise in real terms was around 8%, nearly double the rate that economists figure can be sustained over the long run. Industrial production in March increased a spanking 9.4% over a year earlier; personal income hit a trillion-dollar annual rate for the first time; and consumer spending rose at a pace clearly indicating that inflationary psychology is prodding people to buy all sorts of goods before the prices go up further.

That mood, though disruptive, is hardly unreasonable. The Government reported at week's end that consumer prices in March jumped a shocking .8% after seasonal adjustment. That equaled the February increase, which was the largest in 22 years. In the first quarter, living costs soared at an annual rate of 8.8%, more than triple the 2.5% figure that Nixon has set as a goal. Retail food prices leaped 3.2% in March alone, the

biggest rise since record-keeping began in 1952. The price surge all but ended the second honeymoon between AFL-CIO Chief George Meany and the White House. Said Meany: "In his Inaugural Address in January, the President advised Americans to help themselves. It is obvious that this is what unions are going to be forced to do at the bargaining table."

Resist. Yet the Nixon Administration continues to resist all efforts to push it into wage-price controls that would go beyond the ineffectual voluntarism of Phase III. Treasury Secretary George Shultz announced that "a general across-the-board freeze is not under active consideration." Instead, the Administration turned its energies to lobbying against a House bill that would have frozen most prices and interest rates at March 16 levels. It succeeded, with help from businessmen and farmers who cried to their Congressmen that the bill would force them into profit-wrecking price rollbacks. The House defeated the bill, and by week's end a Senate-House conference committee cleared a measure that would give Nixon exactly what he wants, a one-year extension of his *carte blanche* to establish any kind of wage-price policy he chooses. A final vote is scheduled for April 30, the day the present law expires.

Meanwhile, the Administration continues to make much of those steps that it has taken to curb inflation: imposition of ceilings on retail meat prices and of mandatory controls on oil prices,

and revisions in farm policy aimed at boosting production. Last week President Nixon also asked Congress for authority to sell off from Government stockpiles \$6 billion in "strategic" materials, including rubber, silver, aluminum, copper and lead. The President hopes that the sales will hold down price boosts that are now being caused by hot demand pressing against scarce supply. But even if Congress approves, the sales will be spread out over too long a period to have much immediate impact.

The real burden of checking inflation by restraining the breakneck boom is increasingly falling on the Federal Reserve Board. The board held the growth of the U.S. money supply in the first quarter to a meager annual rate of 2%, v. an 8% rise for all 1972. Such a tightening, if continued, would indeed slow the economy—perhaps too much—but it risks also provoking an upsurge in interest rates and a credit crunch.

Economists increasingly doubt that any of the Government measures taken so far will work rapidly enough to achieve the Administration's goal of guiding the economy into a slower, less inflationary and more sustainable growth path later this year. They express a rising fear that, without strict wage-price controls, inflation can be restrained only by a money squeeze tight enough to cause a 1974 recession. Even Alan Greenspan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, occasional adviser to Nixon and firm opponent of controls, foresees "something close" to a recession next year—specifically, an economic growth rate of little more

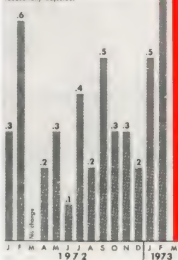
CONSUMERS PICKETING THE WHITE HOUSE LAST WEEK TO PROTEST RISING PRICES



COST OF LIVING

CONSUMER PRICE INDEX

Percent gain from previous month
Seasonally adjusted



TIME Chart by J. Aron

than 3%. His reasoning: "To slow this type of inflation requires strong action, and it is difficult to do without tilting the economy down." Nixon, however, retains the option of ordering another wage-price freeze or going back to the formal controls of Phase II, and though Free Marketeer Shultz argues against it, the President is aware of rising public clamor for controls. This growing annoyance was called forcefully to his attention last week by pickets from the National Consumers Congress, who paraded in front of the White House carrying signs demanding not just a price freeze but a rollback.



ARNOLD MILLER EXPLAINING HIS PLANS TO A MINE WORKER IN CHARLESTON, W. VA. A pasty-faced "radical" who puts the men before the limousines.

LABOR

New Vigor in the Pits

Unions have lost much of their vibrancy and clout in recent years. The big reason, many critics of the labor movement say, is that union leadership has become calcified in its complacent enjoyment of power and increasingly remote from the workers in the factories and mines. No union was more open to that accusation than the United Mine Workers under the autocratic tenures of John L. Lewis and W.A. ("Tony") Boyle. Now, a rank-and-file coal miner named Arnold Miller is giving this thesis a major challenge by providing the U.M.W. with the kind of leadership that labor's critics have found wanting.

Last December, Miller beat out Boyle by about 14,000 votes in a federally supervised special election to become U.M.W. president. Almost immediately, he began cleaning house. He fired nearly all Boyle's field appointees, including the former president's highly paid brother and sister; knocked down official salaries (Miller reduced his own from \$50,000 to \$35,000 a year), abolished special executive pensions and auctioned off three of the union's Cadillac limousines.

In a move guaranteed to make John L. Lewis spin in his grave, Miller announced that henceforth all U.M.W. local districts would elect their own officers instead of accepting bosses hand-picked by Washington headquarters. He set about spending two days a week touring the coal fields, listening to miners' comments and complaints. Last week he visited the hamlet of Lake, W. Va., to call on Willie Ray Blankenship, a feeble 72-year-old former mine worker. Blankenship had applied for a union pension four years ago when he retired, but the Boyle regime denied it on a technicality. Miller handed Blankenship a check for \$2,400, bringing the old miner up to date on his pension, and told Blankenship that he can now collect \$150 a month.

Miller has yet to be tested in a direct confrontation with the coal companies. But he has already served notice that when union contracts expire next year, fat wage increases will not

be enough to satisfy him. He will push even harder for generous fringe benefits and, above all, tough safety rules. Coal mining is a hazardous occupation, and Miller himself suffers from black-lung disease, contracted because of a lifetime of working in the pits. It has left him with a pasty skin and anemic look that, combined with steel-gray hair, makes him appear at least ten years older than his actual age of 49.

He was drawn full-force into the union reform movement in 1969 when he helped to lead a series of wildcat strikes that forced the West Virginia legislature to vote compensation for black-lung victims. Boyle opposed the effort. Says Miller's press aide Bernard Aronson of the atmosphere they encountered at U.M.W. headquarters: "It was like the Wizard of Oz. There was this screen and a lot of smoke and noise and light coming from up above. When we took the screen away we discovered the real secret: nothing was going on up there at all, just a bunch of guys drawing huge salaries."

Miller also promises that the union will become "more political." He already has assailed President Nixon for dismembering the Office of Economic Opportunity, which coordinated anti-poverty programs, and attacked a director of the Bureau of Mines' health and safety section as an incompetent. Such moves have led some mine operators to call Miller a radical, but he is not always opposed to the companies. Last week he called a press conference to denounce President Nixon's energy message for not paying enough attention to King Coal.

SOVIET UNION

Power to the Managers

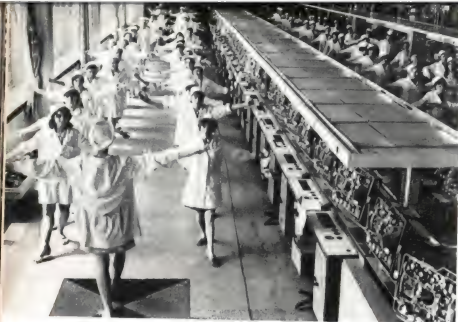
As regularly as the changing of the seasons, the Kremlin announces a far-reaching reform plan aimed at pepping up the sluggish Soviet economy by loosening bureaucratic controls over the production system and the managers who actually turn out the goods. But

none of these plans ever seem to go far enough, and Soviet citizens continue to ask why their economy cannot soar like their spaceships. They have reason: last year, Soviet output of goods and services rose less than 2%, the smallest gain in a decade. That contrasts with a 1972 rise of 9.7%, or 6.5% after subtracting price increases, in the U.S. gross national product. Now, predictably, the Soviets are embarking on yet another reform, and this one does seem to offer more promise than its predecessors—if, and it is a giant if, the program is actually carried out as planned.

The newest reform builds on the last, which supposedly gave more authority to directors of individual factories. Over the next three years, plants that make related products are to be grouped into "production associations" that are to function roughly like large, multidivision U.S. corporations; each will have its own board of directors and research and development facilities. According to plan, top executives of these corporations will get extensive authority to set profitable production schedules, to design products and to develop markets for them.

The reform is designed to abolish much of the power of the chief supervisors, or *glavki*, in the 34 industrial ministries in Moscow. The *glavki* will be limited to setting long-term investment and technological policies. They have proved adept at sabotaging previous reforms by constantly changing production targets, setting impractical prices and otherwise meddling in the operation of faraway factories. Presumably, though, the heads of the "production associations" will have more clout in confronting the ministries than the managers of individual plants did after the last reform, because they will speak for much bigger organizations and they are supposed to be executives who have had extensive management training.

In any case, though something like the latest reform is obviously needed, it hardly comes to grips with some of the most serious Soviet economic woes. Despite vast expenditures for new plants and equipment, the average Soviet



TELEVISION-SET ASSEMBLY WORKERS IN LVOV TAKING DAILY EXERCISE BREAK
Multidivisional corporations v. the heavy hand of the planner.

worker produces less than half as much per hour as his American counterpart. Prime reasons: some technological lags and socialist limits on rewards for individual effort. The government recently doubled individual production bonuses and created cash prizes as high as \$200,000 to be divided among workers in factories that have high productivity rates. But the biggest incentive—regular wages—will be virtually frozen for the rest of 1973.

Also, consumer goods are still drab, often scarce and fantastically expensive (a compact car sells for about \$8,000). The Soviet Union's estimated \$570 billion G.N.P. is roughly half that of the U.S., yet the nation spends fully as much on defense and capital investment as the U.S. does. Inevitably, the pinch has come on consumption. Such goods as fully automatic washing machines are not made in the U.S.S.R. at all, and refrigerators and other household items are often so deficient in style and quality that workers see little point in laboring hard to get the money to buy them.

Even under the new reform, central planners in Moscow will continue to make many key decisions on prices, distribution and allocation of materials. The dead hand of the planner falls most heavily on agriculture, which is the weakest sector of the Soviet economy; the U.S.S.R. will again this year be forced to make massive grain purchases in the West. Though about 30% of the population is engaged in agriculture, the farm yields remain unsatisfactory, largely because of shortages in good fertilizer and such modern machinery as combines. Because the country lacks sufficient storage and processing facilities, each year about 15% of all grain, vegetables and fruit is spoiled.

A surge in East-West trade could

markedly improve the Soviet economy by bringing in foreign technology—notably computers—and consumer goods. But the Soviet Union will not make the final leap to true consumer affluence until its top political leaders find some way of reconciling central planning, to which they obdurately cling as the distinguishing feature of a socialist economy, with the decentralized industrial decision making that they admire in the capitalist West.

EXECUTIVES

G.M. Loses a Swinger

General Motors executives tend to be solid, conservative men who spend decades laboring in patient obscurity. Alongside them, John Zachary DeLorean, 48, stood out like a Corvette Stingray in a showroom full of G.M.C. trucks. Flamboyant, irreverent and unpredictable, DeLorean wore long hair before that was fashionable—it still is not at G.M.—dated Hollywood wows like Ursula Andress, and was twice divorced. Still, he rose steadily to head all G.M. car and truck production, and was rumored to be G.M.'s next president. But last week DeLorean abruptly resigned his \$300,000-a-year post to become unsalaried president of the National Alliance of Businessmen, a group active in minority job placement and training. So far as can be determined, he did not lose a backstage power fight. Instead, he committed the most startling of all his breaks with G.M. tradition: he simply quit because he grew dissatisfied with his job.

DeLorean had been in that job only since last October. The son of a Detroit welder, he came to G.M. in 1956 from Packard, after that company fold-

ed, and quickly made a name as a crack engineer. He is credited by G.M. with such innovations as the overhead camshaft engine and the concealed windshield wiper. As head of Chevrolet, he set industry sales records in 1971 and 1972. But after ascending last fall to the group vice presidency in charge of all car and truck production, DeLorean became visibly unhappy. As had been his wont, he showed up late for G.M.'s numerous staff meetings and joked to the press about G.M.'s stoked image. He also grumbled that his headquarters post, despite its importance, had less visibility than his previous jobs. "At least when I was Chevrolet general manager, people knew I was in town," he told TIME Correspondent Ed Reingold.

DeLorean will not lack for things to keep him busy. He owns part of the San Diego Chargers football and New York Yankees baseball teams, and will remain on the G.M. payroll as a consultant and become a Cadillac dealer in Florida. That will enable him to collect accrued bonus payments, but also may bar him from working for a competing automaker—to the industry's loss. DeLorean has been heard to mutter that the auto business is something less than all important, and Detroit can use men with that heretical perspective.

CORPORATIONS

Embassies of Money

Currency crises are supposed to exert a dangerously depressing force on international business, because they create devastating uncertainty about the value of paper money. But the effect on that exemplar of corporate internationalism, American Express Co., has been quite the opposite. Despite, or indeed partly because of the monetary upheavals of the last two years, the company is making more money than ever in its 123-year history. During 1972 its profits rose 20% for the 24th consecutive yearly increase. This year is starting out even better. Chairman Howard L. Clark disclosed last week that earnings in the first quarter—which witnessed the second dollar devaluation in 14 months—jumped nearly 25% above a year earlier.

Amexco's enormous holdings of all kinds of currencies amply insulate it against any monetary crisis. Executives at Lower Manhattan headquarters will not say how many dollars they unloaded just before the greenback's most recent fall, but money men believe that the company came through the ordeal with a tidy trading profit. More important, Amexco officers saw the succession of crises as an opportunity. They heavily advertised their 250 overseas offices (which handily outnumber the 127 U.S. embassies around the world) as a haven where tourists could count on turning unlimited amounts of dollar travelers' checks into foreign money at

reasonable exchange rates. Says Executive Vice President Brooks Barker: "When the world gets a little stormy people look for stability."

The policy has paid off handsomely by helping to boom Amexco's sales of travelers checks to about \$5 billion a year, or two-thirds of all those sold in the world. Many of these sales earn Amexco a double profit, because buyers of the purple papers are making what amounts to an interest-free loan to the company. Right now, Amexco holds nearly \$1 billion in cash paid by customers for travelers checks that the buyers have not yet used. Officers have salted most of it away in municipal bonds, which yield as much as 5% a year tax-free.

But Amexco hardly needs currency crises to prosper. Diversification is turning it into more of an insurance and banking colossus than a travel company. Fireman's Fund, a group of life and property insurers that American Express acquired in 1968, accounted for nearly two-thirds of the company's \$1.6 billion revenues last year. In addition, Amexco runs an international banking division with \$1.8 billion in assets, manages five mutual funds, and owns 25% of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, a major Wall Street investment house.

Holders. Travel may no longer be Amexco's biggest business, but—along with related services like checks and credit cards—it is the fastest-growing sideline. In a single weekend last year some 9,000 U.S. travelers left for Europe on American Express package tours. Amexco has also made 9,000 bookings to bring foreign tourists into the U.S. this year, triple the number in 1972. The American Express credit card gained a million new holders last year, increasing its membership to 5,000,000, partly by signing up such U.S. department stores as Macy's and Bonwit Teller, in addition to hotels and restaurants. Indeed the "Money Card" has become the most widely held among the so-called "travel and entertainment" cards. As a result, Diners Club (1,850,000 holders) and Carte Blanche (700,000) have lately begun advertising their cards as supplements, rather than competitors of the Amexco card.

Bank credit cards, particularly Master Charge and Bank Americard (30 million holders each), do offer stiff competition to the Money Card. And Space Bank, Amexco's computerized hotel-reservation service, has lost money consistently since it was started in 1969. But these problems are minor annoyances to the executives who have made the American Express name synonymous with the U.S. presence abroad. One perverse sign of the company's world prestige: when students surged through Zurich streets to protest the Viet Nam settlement last winter, they ignored the U.S. consulate and all other American establishments in the city—but smashed windows at the American Express office.

JAPAN

Adaptable Octopuses

The Japanese, in characteristically understated fashion, call them trading houses, but that comes nowhere near summing up the role of a unique kind of company in the country's spectacular economic rise. Because most Japanese manufacturers concentrate solely on production, they rely on trading houses to buy abroad the raw materials that they need and to sell their finished products both at home and abroad. Combining silken persuasiveness with samurai dedication, the trading houses also serve as market researchers, financiers and worldwide economic intelligence agents. In short, they are archetypal middlemen, helping Japanese business, banks and government to capitalize on economic opportunities.

Now, though, such houses as Mitsubishi, Misui and Marubeni have lost some of their heroic luster under a rain of charges that they have fueled Japanese inflation by engaging in widespread land and commodity speculation. A government study released this month accuses the six biggest trading houses of spending more than \$2.5 billion in the past 18 months to buy up and hoard scarce supplies of land and such commodities as rice, wool, silk and soybeans. Prices of all these things have risen, and though the trading houses deny the charges, consumer tempers have gone up, too. Recently, carpenters who were laid off because of a lack of lumber demonstrated in Tokyo, brandishing placards that read: DOWN WITH SPECULATING TRADERS.

Even more fundamentally, the trading houses are catching the first glimmerings of a new business era to which they will have to adjust. In March, Japan posted a record balance of payments deficit—yes, deficit—of \$1.1 billion, caused by a hefty rise in Japanese imports and a huge outflow of long-

term investment capital. Though the payment figures have been bouncing around too erratically from month to month to establish any definitive trend yet, they may presage—to the vast relief of the U.S.—the dwindling if not the end of the gigantic Japanese surpluses in commercial dealings with the world.

Yet the trading houses are far too central to the Japanese economy to diminish in importance any time soon. Last year the ten largest trading houses—led by branches of the Mitsubishi and Misui industrial complexes—brought in 62% of the foreign goods purchased by Japan and sold half the nation's exports. Their total sales came to an astounding \$76 billion, twice the size of the Japanese national budget. The companies earn their profits on massive turnover despite sliver-thin margins (1.8% last year).

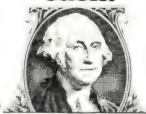
The trading houses also provide their clients with a wide range of services, including storing, transporting and insuring goods. They hunt up bank loans when needed. A small army of trading-house representatives roams the world sending back a steady stream of information on foreign politics, weather, and anything else that might affect an export decision. The trading houses also organize huge consortiums to tap natural resources anywhere. Mitsui, for instance, is a major partner in a group that is developing copper deposits in the African nation of Zaire.

The trading houses are already proving themselves adaptable octopuses. For example, they are scouting out investment as well as export opportunities overseas for their clients. In addition, they are cozying up to Japan's trading partners: Mitsubishi now sells American urea fertilizer in southeast Asia, and Mitsui sells U.S. soybeans in Germany and German chemicals in Venezuela. Says Mitsuo Uemura, executive vice president of Sumitomo Shoji Kaisha, Ltd.: "We go wherever the business is."

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RECORD FIELD OF 1,398 SETTING OUT IN BOSTON MARATHON

SPORT

First, Second and 675th For America

Though it is held on Patriots' Day, the Boston Marathon had been in danger of becoming downright un-American. Only one U.S. runner—Ambrose Burfoot in 1968—won the race between 1958 and 1972. In recent years, though, the American passion for jogging has aroused new interest and new hopes for a U.S. victory in the 26-mile 385-yd race. That was evident when a record field of 1,398 turned out last week for the 77th running of the marathon. While the U.S. had such serious contenders as Olympian Jon Anderson and College Star Tom Fleming, most of the entrants were run-for-fun enthusiasts who pursue their lonely sport despite sneering remarks from passers-by and snarls from dogs snapping at their heels.

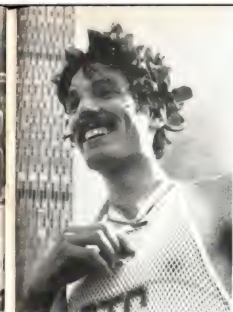
Typical of this relentless breed is Dave Sauer, 39, a refrigeration engineer from Pittsburgh. He began running four years ago to stay in shape, soon became hooked enough to enter local races. Just a year ago he started serious training for the Boston Marathon, dutifully logging ten miles each evening in a park near his home. After sending in his \$2 entry fee, Sauer withdrew \$300 from his "Boston Marathon fund" and flew east for a long, punishing weekend. "Runners like myself don't expect to win," he said prophetically. "We have the competitive urge, but we run against ourselves." His wife Pat, who has learned to spice her menus with such runner's staples as wheat germ and honey, had a different opinion. "You're crazy," she told Dave.

The milling throng that Sauer joined at the starting line in rural Hopkinton,

Mass., was motley, to say the least. Along with serious competitors from a dozen countries, there were college kids out for a lark, aging jocks in flowered bathing suits competing on a dare, drinking companions who planned to pace themselves with stops at wayside taverns and—officially for only the second year—women of all ages. Alfred Venturillo, a sightless, 65-year-old pensioner, was running "to inspire blind people." Author Erich Segal was toting a portable microphone to record his on-the-run comments for a TV show. Sauer danced nervously to loosen up his legs. Later he recalled thinking: "It's finally here. You've been waking up in the middle of the night wondering about it, and here it is such a beautiful day, the nicest atmosphere you can imagine."

When the starter's gun sounded at high noon, the runners crowded their way past the old Congregational Church, wound down a country lane, and then began to string out along Route 135. As the front runners passed through the outlying suburbs and headed toward Newton and its infamous Heartbreak Hill, a wickedly long climb six miles from the finish line in Boston, they were cheered on by more than 500,000 spectators lining the route. Children darted into the street offering slices of oranges and cups of Gatorade; one homeowner charitably placed his lawn sprinkler in the middle of the road to cool the runners as they panted by in the unseasonable 73° heat.

As expected, Finland's Olavi Suomalainen, the defending champion and this year's favorite, held a comfortable lead after 17 miles. Then he suffered a heat cramp and, gripping his side, he began to falter. Jon Anderson overtook Suomalainen on Heartbreak Hill and



WINNER JON ANDERSON

went on to win the laurel wreath with the winning time of 2 hr. 16 min. 3 sec. Tom Fleming, a senior at William Patterson College in Wayne, N.J., finished second, ahead of the ailing Finn Afterward, Anderson, 23, a Cornell graduate and conscientious objector who is working as a hospital dishwasher in lieu of military service, clasped Fleming and exclaimed: "Hey, Tom! One-two for America! That's not bad!"

Meanwhile, back on the asphalt, Sauer was rhythmically striding along, passing runners on the final torturous upgrade and deciding that Heartbreak Hill was not so tough after all. Alas, a few miles from the finish, the heat and an ailing foot suddenly got to him and he remembers "an overwhelming urge to give up." But he kept going, thinking, he said later, "about the kids back home and how I couldn't let them down." Finally, he staggered across the finish line with a clocking of 3 hr. 27 min. that was good for 675th place.

Despite that showing, Sauer felt almost as elated as Anderson and Fleming. "When I wake up tomorrow," he said, "food will taste better and the air will smell fresher. That is what comes from running." Then, picking his way through runners lying prostrate on the locker-room floor and podiatrists busily lancing blisters, Dave Sauer wearily headed for home. "In this day of sports commercialism," he said, "it's refreshing to have a sport like running. There is a place in this country for people who enjoy hard work and a little pain."

Quarterback Sneak

On the football field last season, Oklahoma used its devastating Wishbone-T offense to win the Big Eight Conference title, the Sugar Bowl and the No. 2 ranking in the national polls. Off the field, the Sooners tried a variation on the old quarterback sneak that

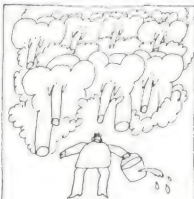
last week caused them to forfeit, retroactively, eight victories in which Freshman Kerry Jackson had participated. According to Big Eight investigators, Quarterback Jackson and Center Mike Phillips, who was on the freshman team, had been ineligible to play. Reason: their grade transcripts from Galveston Ball High School in Texas had been doctored—no one would say by whom—in order to qualify them for athletic scholarships.

Reactions to the scandal were varied. Assistant Coach Bill Michael, who, according to the university, "admitted knowing about the tampering," turned in his resignation. Head Coach Chuck Fairbanks, who has since moved on to the pros as coach of the New England Patriots, denied any knowledge of the hanky-panky and added that "I would not hesitate to offer Bill Michael a job." Alas, Fairbanks added, he had "no vacancies." Bob Devaney, athletic director of Big Eight Runner-up Nebraska, was ready to accept the conference championship for the Cornhuskers because "if Jackson had played for our team, we might have won the title, too." Penn State Coach Joe Paterno, whose Nittany Lions lost to the Sooners 14-0 in the Sugar Bowl, wanted no tainted glory. "Our players and the Oklahoma players know who won the game," he said.

As for Jackson, the first black quarterback at Oklahoma, he broke down and cried when informed of the scandal. Though cleared of any complicity, he and Phillips lost their scholarships and playing eligibility for one year. Barry Switzer, the present head coach, tried to be consoling: "I tried to explain [to Jackson] that these people changed the transcript because they thought they were trying to help him."



OKLAHOMA QUARTERBACK KERRY JACKSON
Trying to help.



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THE THEATER

The Vortex of Evil

THE ORPHAN
by DAVID RABE

Viet Nam is a dark, broody obsession at the heart of David Rabe's three dramas. *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* turned a man into an infantry cog and spun him off to combat and death. In *Sticks and Bones*, which CBS refused to air after complaints from local stations (TIME, March 19), a blind veteran returned to his bland-as-cornflakes family and found that they could not stomach his 20-20 insight on the U.S. and the war. In *The Orphan*, at off-Broadway's Public Theater, Viet Nam is not actively present except as Rabe attempts to re-

fulness of the mistress (Rae Allen).

The strained pseudopoetic rhetoric and portentous declamatory style remind one of Maxwell Anderson scaling his molehills of dramatic verse. An intermittent side-bar monologue features an innocuous-looking Manson-family girl casually relating the horrors of the Sharon Tate murders with a lubriciously contented purr. Together with the repeated cue name of My Lai and references to the slaughter of innocents, of whom Iphigenia is the first, Rabe's intent is clear to the point of didactic overkill—to make the curse and crimes of the House of Atreus appear to be the inevitable pattern of all human behavior.

To the Greeks, the *Oresteia* was an exemplary tale of moral downfall de-



MARCIA JEAN KURTZ, RAE ALLEN & W.B. BRYDON IN "THE ORPHAN"
Lubricious purrs and didactic overkill.

late it to the problem of evil through-out human existence. Often as silly and awkward as it is ambitious, the play nonetheless bears the mark of a dramatist who dares and cares.

The bulk of the play is a retelling of the *Oresteia* legend, and it makes for some restive or torpid listening depending on the playgoer's mood. The basic story line is intact. With his fleet becalmed on the way to Troy, Agamemnon (W.B. Brydon) sacrifices his daughter Iphigenia to win the gods' favor. His embittered wife Clytemnestra takes a lover, Aegisthus, who murders Agamemnon upon his return from the war. The dead king's son, Orestes, goaded to revenge by his sister Electra, proceeds to murder his mother and Aegisthus. Rabe has drastically minimized Electra's role, but he provides two Clytemnestras, possibly to differentiate the mother's grief from the lust and venge-

signed to evoke pity and terror. Rabe's tone is pejorative, like that of a prosecuting attorney who is pressing playgoers to confess that all men are blood-minded beasts. There is no court of appeal in *The Orphan*. God is dead, absolute power has produced absolute corruption and society is a cracked veneer of hypocrisy.

With such a grim, bleak view, relentlessly abetted by Jeff Bleckner's stolidly reverential direction, there is little room for such diversionary tactics as entertainment or such revisionist behavior as love and the spontaneous response of one human being to another. Only one actor seems to escape the arid dogmatism of the evening—Marcia Jean Kurtz as Clytemnestra the mother. When she pleads for her daughter's life, she reveals a tenacity and a tenderness that banish all curses and shame all crimes.

■ T.E. Kolem



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The 1,000-Book Reich

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
ADOLF HITLER
by ROBERT PAYNE
623 pages. Praeger. \$12.95.

The Third Reich, Adolf Hitler promised, would last a thousand years. Those who deal in historical ironies have long enjoyed pointing out that it lasted only twelve. Or did it? Once again, a spate of new books on Hitler and his era are settling bookstore shelves abloom with the inevitable swastikas and Chaplinesque mustaches. The 1,000-book Reich—recollected in tranquility—must surely be near at hand.

The most ballyhooed of the new arrivals is Robert Payne's pop biography, *The Life and Death of Adolf Hitler*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux has reissued *Hitler's Secret Conversations* (\$19), the Führer's wartime table talk (from Volkswagens to the Virgin Birth) that all Hitler biographers have acknowledged as an invaluable source. Among the others, just published or to come are books ranging from the thoughtful to the frivolous. *Helmut von Molke* (St Martin's Press: \$16.95) introduces a Roman Catholic nobleman who triples as an international lawyer and anti-Hitler leader, and who, like Protestant Dietrich Bonhoeffer, paid for his resistance with his life. Without overplaying their hand, Authors Michael Balfour and Julian Frisby make Von Molke something of a prophet, so concerned with disturbing trends toward materialism and impersonal technocracy that he remains a relevant critic today.

Slothful. There is also more in the endless procession of campaign histories, represented this season by a capable but rather specialized volume, *Nazi Victory: Crete 1941*. And of course, one genuine clunker, priced at \$6.95, from Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. Called *Hitler's Last Days*, it is the brief but mesmerizingly dull memoir of a minor staff officer named Gerhard Boldt, who, as it turns out, constructs Hitler's very last days from already published sources—since he was not there.

Payne, to his credit, does something more than that. A relentless biographer (Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Gandhi), he tackled his present subject without benefit of any fresh interviewing, but with the kind of wide-eyed zest that produces a sort of *Boy's Life of Genghis Khan*. There goes the youthful, effervescent Adolf trotting off to school at the local Benedictine Abbey at Lambach and passing by an old abbot's pet insignia, the swastika.* Here he comes, voraciously reading the latest sauerkraut

western by Bavarian Author Karl May, whose genocidal hero Old Shatterhand was busy exterminating the insidious "Ogelleh" Indians. From Payne's researches in the New York Public Library come telling excerpts from the unpublished memoirs of Hitler's sister-in-law, Bridget Elizabeth Hitler, especially tantalizing glimpses of the impoverished, slothful future Führer in his early 20s, frittering away six months in Bridget's Liverpool home.

If Payne's book has any special value, it is as a sort of two-inch shelf of Hitleriana, including slightly disproportionate swatches of material from August Kubizek, Hitler's youthful



IN BULLET-PROOF VEST, 1925
Springtime for Hitler?

friend in Linz, the usual excerpts from *Mein Kampf*, and a selection of good illustrations, among them some of the drawings done by Adolf the failed artist. *Life and Death* is overburdened with amateur psychoanalysis—especially vulnerable from a writer who sometimes seems not to have read the important wartime Office of Strategic Services report, part of which was published as *The Mind of Adolf Hitler*.

Another new Hitler book, to be published in June, is Horst von Moltitz's scholarly *The Evolution of Hitler's Germany* (McGraw-Hill: \$12.50), which examines the whole narcissistic era of German history bracketed by the Napoleonic Wars and the end of World War II. The epoch was one of paranoia suspicion, which turned Germany

inward toward its own bravado traditions and *Urbarmensch* philosophy.

Something far more banal was also at play, however—an invincibly ignorant pride. One of the saddest of the new books is called *Against Stalin and Hitler* (John Day: \$8.95). The author, a former Eastern Front officer named Wilfried Strik-Strikfeldt tells how the advancing Germans failed to enlist the struggling Russian Liberation Movement in their assault on Stalin's forces. It is true that in some areas of the U.S.S.R. local nationalists did greet the Germans as potential liberators. But Strik-Strikfeldt's sketches of the conquering Germans restoring abandoned churches as they went and winning the huzzahs of the downtrodden populace is an astonishingly ingenuous view of the Nazi war machine. As late as 1941, he insists, Hitler had "the opportunity to refashion Europe on a basis of freedom, justice and equality." That is like saying that the jaguar, in mid-attack, could change into an antelope—and it explains much about German naïveté. Anyone who could believe that could believe anything.

■ Mayo Mohs

Speaking of Angels

ALL HEAVEN IN A RAGE
by MAUREN DUFFY
207 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

The English send CARE packages to needy sheep dogs in Scotland, yet lead the world in the ritual demolition of foxes. For their sins and sensitivities, they deserve this odd, sporadically charming book, which blends dotty episodes—suitable for framing on *The Avengers*—with a moral message about the beastliness of man to beast and man alike.

Convict Jarvis Chuff, a brainy, pacific and proletarian train robber, finds himself mysteriously sprung from the nick. His benefactors turn out to be a wealthy singer turned princess by marriage, a Church of England vicar, an ancient British major with a limp and a svelte, pneumatic upper-class bird named Philomela. Chuff (homonym for Chough, the acquisitive European jackdaw) is given the angelic name of Gabriel and soon put to work with Philomela (namesake of the poor lady who had her tongue cut out and was turned into a nightingale). Clad in dark cat suits, they pull off various nocturnal capers. One night it is letting all the milk escape from a milk farm. Chuff notices how like the cages are to jail cells. Philomela comments: "Then it's Death Row." The next trip, they immolate a slaughter house. Destruction of a government installation that uses animals to test germs and nerve gases follows. They even blow up Smithfield Market, London's largest meat-selling establishment.

Each time, the pair leaves a minatory message signed AHAR deploring mistreatment of animals. Press and public think them some sort of crank offshoot of the IRA, but the initials come

*Payne offers this as the inspiration of the Nazis in insignia. But the ancient symbol, common in Germanic countries, had been used by other right-wing groups well before Hitler.



MAUREEN DUFFY
Take back your mind.

straight from William Blake: "A Rob-in Redbreast in a Cage/ Puts all Heaven in a Rage."

The story is occasionally soppy where Chuff and Philomela are concerned, but it cleverly explores Blake's romantic notion that men and animals are similar victims of a society that, practically from birth, puts them both in a series of cages. As he pursues his life of humanitarian crime, Chuff ponders the plight of men and animals, and very satisfactorily reflects on the loyalties and limitations of the British class system with a clear eye and an absence of rancor and cant that should delight the ghost of George Orwell.

Two years ago, Novelist Duffy (*Wounds, The Paradox Players*) contributed an essay about the sad post-Darwinian view of animals (as failed, and therefore negligible, members of the tree of life) to a book called *Animals, Men and Morals*. An ultra-worthy anthology, which goes way beyond anti-blood-sport rhetoric, *Animals* (Tapping, \$6.50) has been widely unread. Much of its message has been palatably repackaged as a sugar-coated pill in *All Heaven in a Rage*. Whether the public will lick off the sugar and leave the pill behind is a question.

■ Timothy Foote

Ten-Gallon Gothic

PROUD FLESH

by WILLIAM HUMPHREY
330 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

In his first novel since *The Ordways*, William Humphrey has remained true to the once effective formula for the Southern novel—using the Southern family to melodramatize the passing of a way of life through the death of the elder. Only in this instance it is not a dying patriarchy, but matriarchy—not a Big Daddy but a Big Mommy.

Setting his one-long-deathbed scene

in Texas, Humphrey has made all the proportions of his tragedy bigger than life, almost to the point of Texas self-parody. As the mother of ten children, the dying Edwina Renshaw commands an audience of 47 descendants at her slow demise. "Bold, touchy, trifling, headstrong, wild" he-men, the Renshaw boys constitute a John Wayne collective. Their only allegiances are to the South, Texas and the Renshaws, in that ascending order. The Renshaw women flutter in the male-chauvinist background, near-hysterical victims of Big Mommy's preference for boys.

The more Humphrey flashes back, trying to individualize the Renshaws, the more they seem to merge as a single literary convention, the official folk hero of latter-day Southern fiction: epic hunter, epic drinker, epic lecher, with the classic weakness for a maddening black girl down among the cabins. Humphrey is accomplished at what he does and is moved by his own myth. But he cannot surmount the clichés.

Proud Flesh includes, however, one fine set piece of the absurd: the mock-epic failure of a farmer named Hugo to get his cotton to the town gin, in a truck with five bad tires (counting the spare), on a road monopolized by a brindled milch cow named Trixie. Here calculated excess works in the cause of comic relief, suggesting that the future of the Southern novel may belong to the tall tale rather than further variations on the gothic.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Classical Blood

THE EATING OF THE GODS: AN

INTERPRETATION OF GREEK TRAGEDY
by JAN KOTT

Translated by BOLESŁAW TABORSKI
and EDWARD J. CZERWINSKI
334 pages. Random House. \$8.95.

Explanations of Greek tragedy have all too often been left to professors with comfortable tenures writing in tidy studies. Words like *hubris* (head-spinning pride) and *catharsis* (purification by pity and terror) begin to assume a certain noble abstractness. A sense of transcendental symmetry emerges, and on cue, a stately chorus preaches its final sermon of moderation to all those really excessive heroes. "Greek tragedy, my dear, decorum," Jean Genet wrote sarcastically in *The Blacks*. "The ultimate gesture is performed offstage."

Where would Greek drama be without the messenger? The six suicides and one attempted suicide in Sophocles' seven plays are indeed reported rather than witnessed. Yet blood, Jan Kott insists, still happens to be what Greek tragedy is about. Kott, one of postwar Poland's most distinguished critics, now teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. He sighs at Greek tragedy, however, along the smoking chimneys of Auschwitz. As he did with his harshly brilliant *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*, Kott reads his Aeschylus,

Sophocles and Euripides for audiences who "have come to know from their own experience about corpses thrown into a rubbish heap."

Howls of pain and madness echo through these pages: Heracles tearing at the poisoned shirt on his back as a dead monster's venom scalds his veins; Ajax on the plains of Troy—big, dumb Ajax, crazed by the goddess Athene—slashing bulls' throats and breaking the backs of sheep dogs under the delusion that he is slaying his enemies.

Tyrant. Kott's approach to tragedy is almost too empathetic. He begins and ends with the supreme sufferer, Prometheus. The classic hero, he suggests, enters a world that is either mismanaged or overmanaged. The tyrant may be a king or he may, as happened in the case of Prometheus, be Zeus himself. Out of compassion for the tyrant's suffering victims, out of a superb but frightening presumption, the hero ultimately proposes himself as "mediator and savior." He will rebel. He will disturb the existing order—even risk chaos—to secure a new covenant with power.

If he succeeds, Kott implies, he becomes the new tyrant. If he overreaches himself and fails, he becomes a scapegoat. In either case there must be a letting of blood, a climax of cruelty. Sons will devour fathers or fathers will devour sons. Call it cannibalism or call it sacrament, a ritual will take place, and out of that moment of utter darkness there will come a light: the illumination that turns ritual into drama.

Prometheus, chained to his rock, his liver torn and eaten by Zeus's eagle, cannot escape his destiny, but he can escape his fate. "Fate," Kott writes, "is non-awareness." And Prometheus, like all heroes of Greek tragedy, finally becomes pure awareness, at the pitch of ecstatic agony.

"If mediation does not, never did



JAN KOTT
Euripides and Auschwitz.



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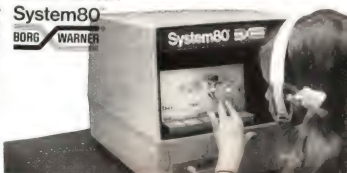
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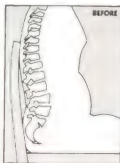
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up,
sit right
and kiss
back
misery
good-bye**



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and never will exist," Kott concludes, pushing himself and his heroes against the wall. "If cruelty is the rule of the universe, one can confirm it even with one's own agony." What the tragic hero knows at last is that he is in rebellion against life itself—against the very terms of human mortality. No wonder the tragic hero became obsolete even in his own time, replaced as a heroic prototype by the crafty, adjustable Odysseus—a survivor who was excessive only at compromise, the perfect artist of the possible.

For the latter-day equivalent of Greek tragedy, Kott recommends, as a salient example, the spectacle of a paralyzed man confronting a woman half-buried alive: Samuel Beckett's *Happy Days*. "The final version of the Prometheus myth." Nor does Kott fail to provide the unerring apt caption—Sophocles' dread-filled line, "Nothing surpasses not being born."

If most academics are too sublimating, is Kott too abominating? Characteristically he keeps his intellectual balance on the brink of nihilism by reaching out, not to Aristotle but to a Resistance fighter named Albert Camus. In paraphrase of Camus, Kott writes: "Prometheus' greatness is his revolt without hope." Like a banner he majestically raises Camus' fine and all-important distinction: "Being deprived of hope is not despairing. No 20th century margin shaver could come closer to making Sophocles a contemporary." ■ Melvin Maddocks

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Once Is Not Enough, Susann (3 last week)
- 2—The Odessa File, Forsyth (1)
- 3—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (2)
- 4—The Taking of Pelham One Two Three, Godey (4)
- 5—The Digger's Game, Higgins (5)
- 6—Evening in Byzantium, Shaw
- 7—Elephants Can Remember, Christie (6)
- 8—The Sunlight Dialogues, Gardner (7)
- 9—The Motlock Paper, Ludlum (10)
- 10—The Defection of A.J. Lewinter, Little

NONFICTION

- 1—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (1)
- 2—The Implosion Conspiracy, Nizer (2)
- 3—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (3)
- 4—The Best and the Brightest, Halberstam (4)
- 5—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (5)
- 6—Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead, Lindbergh (6)
- 7—Journey to Italian, Castaneda (8)
- 8—My Life in the Mafia, Vincent Tersa with Tom Kenner
- 9—The Life & Death of Adolf Hitler, Payne
- 10—"Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye," O'Donnell, Powers, McCarthy (10)

Turning the Other Cheek

First Richard Nixon. Now Pope Paul VI. Few more unlikely suitors could be imagined to come acourting at the doorstep of that aging anti-Christ, Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Last week there was the Vatican's staid Sacred Congregation for the Evangelization of Peoples, proclaiming in its weekly bulletin that Chairman Mao's thoughts contained "Christian reflections."

The ideological overtures appeared in a study printed by Fides, the missionary congregation's news agency. Unlike Soviet Communism, which Fides stigmatized as pragmatic and economic, Maoist doctrine is "a moral socialism of thought and conduct." The People's Republic of China "looks toward the mystique of disinterested work for others, to inspiration to justice, to exaltation of a simple and frugal life, to rehabilitation of the rural masses and to a mixing of social classes."

On Christianity's behalf, the report reminded readers that Pope John XXIII and Pope Paul had put forth a similar system of social thought in their encyclicals *Pacem in terris* and *Populorum progressio*. The papal social doctrines, the article suggested, "must have come to the notice of the Peking leaders who may find in them the best evidence that religion, and Christianity in particular, is not a leechlike superstition but a genuine servant of man and, therefore, also of Chinese man."

The study eventually got round to pointing out that Maoist Marxism is atheistic, that the Chinese party is "full of prejudices against religion" and that the church in China is still "severely treated and oppressed." Nonetheless, it hoped that "the opening of China to the world" would provide "a path to contacts with the Holy See."

The icy mood between Mao's China and Paul's Vatican has been thawing ever since 1970, when China released Missionary Bishop James Walsh after twelve years' imprisonment. Later the same year, on his tour through East Asia, the Pope stopped in Hong Kong to celebrate a Mass during which he delivered "a message of unity and love to all the Chinese people wherever they may be." At the time, the Vatican's "foreign minister," Archbishop Agostino Casaroli, described the Pope's speech as an explicit gesture to Communist China.

Pharisees. Many churches in China today are used as warehouses and factories. No one in the West—and probably no one in China—knows how many believing members are left of the 3,500,000 Roman Catholics who existed in China before the Communist takeover in 1949. Still, a small pro-government group called the Patriotic Association of Chinese Catholics was supported and even encouraged by the party in the late '50s and early '60s. The group even consecrated a number of bishops—never recognized by Rome—but was suppressed again during the Red Guard revolutions. Since 1971, however, a few showcase churches have been periodically open.

One U.S. Catholic foe of Communist China was incensed by the Fides article. Said Right-Wing Jesuit Journalist Daniel Lyons: "Mao's ideas are no more Christian than Hitler's were. Hitler also fed the poor—when it served his purpose. We have the right to expect Vatican spokesmen to speak out like Christ against the Pharisees and not to try to create dialogue with them by compromising Christian teachings."

Lyons' rhetoric is intemperate and hardly typical of mainstream Catholic opinion. But the Vatican shift, which

appears to show more concern for the good works of Mao's China than for the faith of its still persecuted Christians, may well trouble less polemical Catholics, too. The idea has come from Rome, however, not from some progressive theologian, and Rome seems to be moving with history.

Tidings

► A showdown between Theological Hard-Liner Jacob A.O. Preus, president of the 2,900,000-member Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod and more liberal Lutherans in the denomination has long been expected to occur at the national synod convention in New Orleans this July. Since he was elected president in 1969, Preus has been fighting the "historical-critical" approach to the Bible that casts doubt, he says, on the literal accuracy of such biblical tales as Adam and Eve and Jonah and the Whale. Less literal Lutherans have hoped to defeat Preus by nominating a popular moderate candidate, Oswald C.J. Hoffmann, the stem-winding radio preacher of *The Lutheran Hour*. But these hopes were threatened when it turned out that denomination bylaws require all presidential candidates to swear in advance that they will accept the office if elected. Hoffmann recently announced that such a vow would violate Lutheran theology of "the call" to a vocation. He insists that he must be free to decide after the election. His name may still be put up in July anyway, but Hoffmann told TIME last week: "I'm not a nominee and that's it."

► The idea was typical of the ecumenical '60s: a well-meaning, religiously tolerant but bureaucratic concept imposed from the top. Yet for a decade, the Consultation on Church Union (CCU) seemed to be one of Protestantism's brightest liberal hopes. Proposed in 1960 by Presbyterian Eugene Carson Blake, it swiftly grew into an ambitious ecumenical plan embracing some 24 million Americans in nine Protestant denominations, who looked forward to a new streamlined and united Protestantism. The real troubles did not begin until 1970, when CCU actually proposed a detailed plan for union. Members soon began complaining about the prospect of superparishes that might gobble up individual congregations and pointing out the proposed church's top-heavy administrative structure. Last year United Church of Christ executives issued a report sharply criticizing the whole merger design, and Eugene Carson Blake's own United Presbyterians, in a surprise vote, pulled out of the talks altogether. Then, this month, delegates at a national CCU meeting in Memphis withdrew the merger plan entirely. As an alternative, they discussed a more low-key approach based on practical cooperation among local congregations—sharing the same churches, for example, and experimenting with common services.

CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG

POPE PAUL VI



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